THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Some Reasons Why the Ancient Order of Hibernians Did Not Favor the Customary Street Parade on Next St. Patrick's Day.

A Most Pleasant Reunion at the Headquarters of Div. 21—Interesting Report of County President Henely On the Condition of the Order.

There is little doubt that the action of the A. O. H. in the convention of the Irish American Council on last Sunday was a surprise and will be the source of much comment. Looking at the question or situation a week removed, there was no other course open for the delegates to the convention, representing the Hibernians of Chicago. The clamor of the unthinking and the howl of the thriftless cannot drown the wail which is heard from the homes of the hungry. The flash of banners or glitter of uniforms cannot blind us to the awful spectacle of thousands of our people standing idle on the street corner watching with gaunt faces the expenditure of money which may save many a soul from misery and vice. Within the week officers of our order have seen penniless men walking from Forty-third to Madison streets, and have stood in homes where want, nay, starvation, faced children and wives of Irishmen. The men who earn steady incomes or receive high wages during the summer months do not know and hence cannot appreciate the terrible condition of many families today in Chicago. But the A. O. H., whose mission of mercy and love leads them to the fireless home and cheerless bedside, know second only to the Vincent de Paul Society how hollow would be the mockery of a parade at such a time. The cruel taunts hurled at some of being "beggars" were unworthy of the place where the words were uttered, and the persons who were guilty of the phrase will live to regret their fault. The county board having spoken irrespective of parliamentary technicalities, it should be and was supported. The position taken by the A. O. H. was a defensible one and their calm demeanor during the noisy demonstrations of Sunday impressed all with the conviction that the A. O. H. of Cook county was now a body of determined purpose. The silence of two divisions when called on was noticeable, but was lost sight of in the glaring forgetfulness of two delegates whose position was certainly that of unenviable notoriety. However, the less notice taken of the incident the better, as we were amply compensated by the obedience and good example of Div. 1, which certainly displayed a loyalty worthy of its best days and tried record in A. O. H. ranks. The A. O. H. of Cook county are now, after six years hard labor, where we hoped to place them. Let them be true to themselves, to the order and Ireland and no power on earth can displace them.

Our friends in Div. 21 have again demonstrated their ability to entertain and their knowlege of what a programme ought to be. Their splendid hall at Clybourne and Ashland avenues was crowded to overflowing in response to a call issued in the interest of the "Chicago Citizen." After discharging their duty in that regard in a manner in keeping with their splendid record, the committee of arrangements opened the ball with reading report of Treasurer McGowan, which included the expenditure of over $300 in relief of sick. Then followed a cheery address from President Ed. O'Connor, and the violin duets of Misses Cronin and Bockleman charmed the audience. Music has many devotees in Div. 21, as proved by the mandolin and guitar number from Messrs. Morgan and Clontier and also from Messrs. Heickle and Barton. A recitation well rendered bp S. Curran was succeeded by character sketches excellently performed by Mr. Hawley. The Orpheus quartette were in their best style. The three-round glove contest between the well-known amateurs O'Brien and Hefferman was very interesting. Splendid jig and reel dancing from Messrs. Idem, Lavell, Madden and McNeany won a hearty encore, and another was won by Brother Ed Cronin for his excellent imitation of the bagpipes on the violin. State President J. T. Keating delivered an address on the usefulness of an Irish-American press and its wide field for work at the present day. He also referred to policy needed for advancement of the national cause and alluded to the sources and causes of disaffection and disunion. One number of the programme was wanting when the veteran Luke Lyons' name was called, amid loud cheers, but, alas, he had escaped in his modest way, and the disappointment was keen. Some flute playing of excellent ability rendered by Brother Rogers won loud applause, and at 2 a. m. the last number, "God Save Ireland," was reached, and all expressed themselves sated with pleasure and were loud in their praises of the most go-ahead division in Cook county, Div. 21.

I give in part the able report of County President Henely at the last meeting of the Board:

Brothers:

The year of 1896 just closed, although one of great business depression and general dullness, causing a very great lack of employment, and being thus one of great depression in all fraternal societies, many of these fraternal orders not having been able to add a single one to their membership, and in many cases have suffered a decrease in membership, it is indeed a blessing for the A. O. H. of Cook county to show a material increase both in membership and in the amount in the treasuries of the divisions in our county. We have during the year 1896 been able to add several new divisions to the order, until now we have the roster of divisions complete from 1 to 37, both inclusive.

Membership Dec. 31, 1895, 27 divisions, 984; membership Dec. 31, 1896, 28 divisions, 2,073; membership gain of 1,089. There have been initiated in these 28 divisions during the year 1896 1,058 members; reinstated, 64; suspended, 877; deaths, 16. There have been paid out in sick and funeral expenses by these 28 divisions reporting $3,172.50. The total receipts of these 28 divisions have been $8,485.95, and the total disbursements were $7,564.65, leaving cash on hand in the treasuries of these 28 divisions, including all balances, $3,851.58 on Dec. 31, 1896.

The gain in membership has been due in some measure, of course, to the formation of the new divisions, but aside from that the increase has indeed been creditable to the valiant work of the members of the order even under the adverse circumstances of the hard times. There is, however, one thing in the report, as has appeared in former reports, which is something undefinable to me. I refer to the very great number of suspensions in these 28 divisions, which report shows a suspended list of 877, with only 64 reinstatements. The number suspended was almost as large as the entire membership of these same divisions on Dec. 31, 1895.

I think there is sufficient food for thought in the foregoing extracts to enable the officers of divisions to derive mental nourishment from for months to come.

The ball of Div. 5 will take place on Saturday, March 13, at Apollo hall, Blue Island avenue and Twelfth street, and will be on a very elaborate scale. Div. 5 intends that it will be quite a "social function," and from the report received of sale of tickets the crowd will be great. The West Siders should be there in force.

The meeting held by Div. 13 on Thursday evening, Feb. 18, was of an unusual character. From the fact that the brothers have broken from the old beaten path of custom of merely coming to pay dues, etc., and then depart.

President J. E. Long has repeatedly urged on the members who have time and ability, of which there are quite a few, to prepare short essays on Irish history for the benefit of those who are less fortunate in knowledge of the same and have not had the opportunity offered them of being conversant with the history of their race.

To Brother Fred Sullivan belongs the distinction and credit of being the first of the members to accept and put in practice what has long been urged. His address on Ireland and its people will be productive of great good to the members of the division, who without doubt appreciated his efforts. Meetings of such as this cannot fail to please, and if continued from time to time will certainly be the means of creating a larger attendance at the meetings.

There are those of the members, such as Brother John Drummy, whose songs we all love to hear. George Hickey, our financial secretary, who was discovered recently in possession of a sweet voice. The worthy treasurer, Brother Molony, when he feels in tune to sing (a married life is the life for me). The Gaelic Conway cannot be overlooked, nor the late addition to the division in the person of Brother Pat Lane. The president, too, must not be forgotten, he who tries to make the meetings as agreeable as possible and to the pleasure of all. If other divisions in the city knew of the array of talent which Div. 13 possesses, or if they do and paid it a visit occasionally, it could be assured them that they would be proud of the boys from Bridgeport. In future, when the meetings are of an interesting character, mention will be made of same through these columns and credit given to those who assist in making them so.

The division invites neighboring brothers to visit it, so that they might become better acquainted and to spend a pleasant evening, and it will return the compliment at some future time.

The meeting closed with injunction to committee on 17th of March parade to act in accord with county board instructions. MOR.

Sarsfield Hurling Club

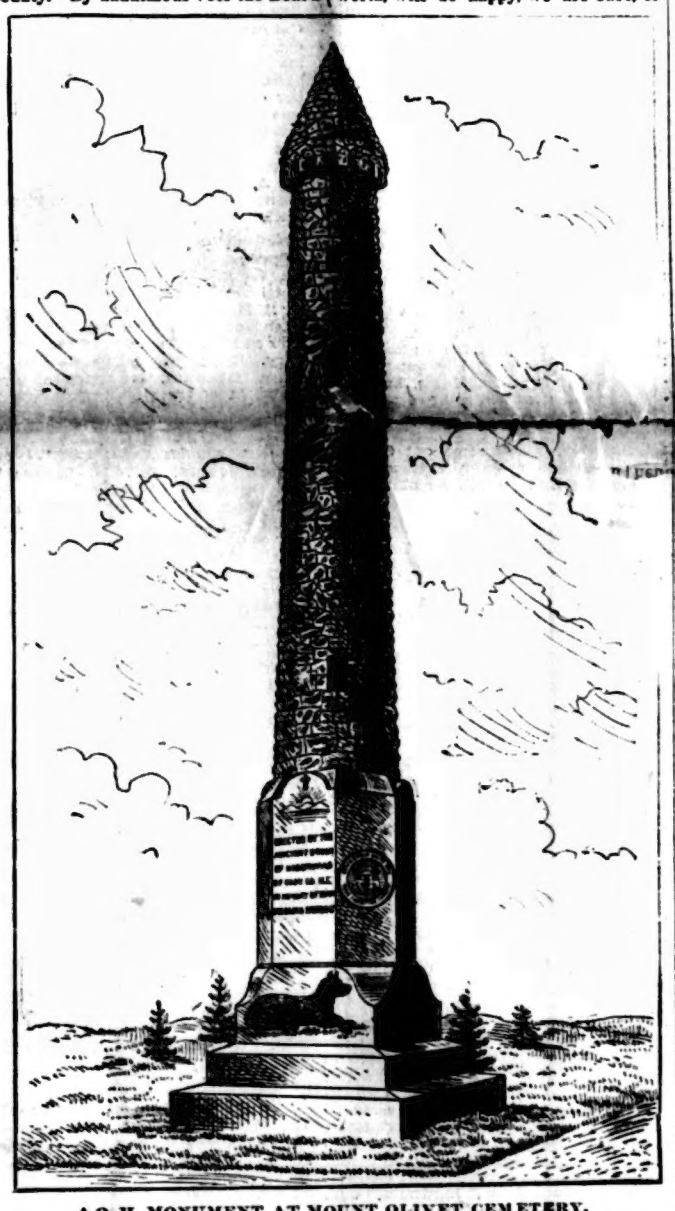
A meeting of the Sarsfield Hurling club of the G. A. A., was held on Saturday, Feb. 13, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. The following were elected: President, James Fitzgerald; Vice-President, T. Cronin; Recording Secretary, M. O'Hara; Financial Secretary, J. T. Cahill; Treasurer, P. Doran; Custodian, T. Cronin; Captain, P. Doran; Vice-Captain, E. A. Cahill. Six delegates were appointed by the president to attend the G. A. A. convention. T. Cronin reported having a half-dozen hurling balls ready, and expects that before they are worn out to have the championship honors placed to the credit of the Sarsfield club. Another member reported having received twenty hurleys from a friend in Missouri, made of the best ash that grows there. The club gives the other teams timely warning that they will have to get into good shape to make the competition interesting for the championship next summer.

A PILLAR TOWER.

Will Rise Above and Commemorate the Last Resting Place of the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Mount Olivet Cemetery.

Appropriateness of the Monument Selected by the Committee—A Noble Object Achieved by the Zeal and Generosity of Men Practically Pious and Patriotic.

A little over two years ago the sudden death of an humble member of Div. 23, of Cook county, urged the worthy president of same, W. J. Doherty, to bring before the members the grave necessity of providing a resting-place for such of our departed brothers as may join the great majority while away from their relatives, or under circumstances which we regret to say, in the past, left no choice but the potter's field. The sad demise of Brother Waters, but a short time among us, toiling for the means to bring to his side the absent wife and little ones, struck a tender chord in the heart of every Hibernian in Cook county. By unanimous vote the Board



A. O. H. MONUMENT AT MOUNT OLIVET CEMETERY.

decided to hold annual picnics and devote the proceeds of same to the purchase of a mortuary lot in Mount Olivet cemetery. Commendable zeal and excellent financial management of the yearly event yielded sufficient money to pay in full for a well located piece of ground in God's acre sufficiently large to accommodate over 100 graves. The ground paid for, a noble ambition urged the erection of a suitable monument on the spot, indicative of the fraternity, whose love passes even beyond the gates of death, and in keeping with the dignity and standing of the Order. The quiet body of men whose public displays are limited almost entirely to ceremonies of a quasi-religious nature, with determined effort amassed the third year sufficient to pay for two-thirds of the expense of the handsomest memorial to be erected in any cemetery by any fraternal organization in America.

A committee consisting of County Treasurer M. E. Lynch, County Recording Secretary F. J. Conroy, County Financial Secretary J. J. Lamb, President Perkins of Div. 3 and State President J. T. Keating were appointed to select and submit designs and estimates of a monument suitable for the needs of the occasion and in touch with the traditions of the A. O. H. On Sunday, Feb. 14, the committee reported, submitting a splendid sketch and plan of an Irish round tower, thirty feet high and to cost $1,850. We give a cut of the design on this page, drawn by the artist and architect, John Moore, Calvary, whose monumental works are situated in the vicinity of Mount Olivet. An order so distinctively Irish and Catholic could not select a more appropriate monument than the Irish round tower. The grand old pillars which mark the magnificence of Catholic worship and Celtic devotion even in the sixth century, are most fitting emblems for a society whose history is lost amid the spoliation and rapine of the devastating invasions of the Norman and Plantagenet kings. Nearly always situated contiguous to a church and graveyard, the towers remain associated in the minds of all acquainted with Irish history with the golden epoch of Irish ecclesiastical learning and Celtic literature. None of us who recollect the scenery of of sea grit Innisfail can deny the awesome impression which crept over us as we stood amid the ruined graves of Ardmore or Glendalough and gazed up at those silent sentinels whose mute stones had seen the glory of our ancient past fade away, and remain today mementoes of what we lost through the disunion of our people. Certainly the A. O. H. could select no emblem more symbolic of their mission and their affiliations than the ancient "Clochthach" of our people. Very consistently Hibernian artists designed the plan and Hibernian hands will complete the work.

The occasion of its dedication should be one of more than ordinary moment in our community. The clergy, whose recognition and support of the Order has been won by earnest evidence of its worth, will be happy, we are sure, to assist. The Irish societies of Chicago cannot consistently ignore the event when the date is selected, and should lend every effort to evince their esteem for a body of men whose labors have been unselfish and whose fidelity in the hour of trial has always been a powerful aid in combating the machinations of those who would cast a slur on the Irish race, or deprive them of any liberties they were entitled to under the constitution of the Republic. In honoring the zeal and devotion of the A. O. H. we compliment the noblest virtues of our people, which saved our characteristics from extinction beneath the long and awful oppression of a ruthless and bigoted tyrant.

The Popular Scenic Route

Between Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, Solid Vestibuled Train Service, via Grand Trunk Railway System, in connection with the picturesque Lehigh Valley R. R. via Niagara Falls. Leave Chicago, Dearborn Station, via Grand Trunk Railway System at 3:10 p. m. Through Solid Vestibuled Train to New York and Philadelphia. The train runs daily, Sundays included, and consists of a combination baggage and smoking car, first-class passenger coaches and Pullman buffet sleeping cars, with dining car attached. The Entire System is Vestibuled, is lighted by gas, heated by steam, and contains all improvements lately introduced in modern railway equipment. For rates, sleeping car accommodations and further information, apply to L. R. MORROW, City Ticket Agent, 103 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

CATHOLIC FORESTERS.

Successful International Convention of the Order at Columbus, Ohio—Interesting Proceedings and Ceremonies.

Hospitable Reception of the Delegates by Their Confreres of the Buckeye Capital—Address of Bishop Watterson—National Officers Elected.

The thirteenth annual session of the Catholic Order of Foresters convened in the City of Columbus, Ohio, on Tuesday morning, week, at the City Hall. The ninety delegates in attendance arrived in Columbus on Monday evening, the Chicago and Northwestern delegates leaving by special cars from Chicago. The Eastern and Canadian delegates arrived from the East at the same time. On their arrival at the depot in Columbus the delegates were met by the local Foresters and escorted to the Chittenden hotel, headed by the Columbus Battalion Band. As soon as the delegates had made their hotel arrangements they proceeded to Hibernian hall, where a public reception was held. Addresses were made by the local reception committee, Mr. Hilary C. McAllister acting as master of ceremonies for the evening.

The opening session of the convention was called to order promply at 9 o'clock, Tuesday morning week, by High Chief Ranger Thomas H. Cannon, of Chicago, with all high court officers present except the High Vice-Chief Ranger. After the business of opening the convention had been completed, the delegates formed in line in front of the hall, and were escorted by the reception committee and the Columbus Battalion Band to St. Joseph's Cathedral, where solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Mulhern. The cathedral was well filled with the delegates and local Foresters. Special music had been arranged for the occasion, and the Rt. Rev. John A. Watterson, Bishop of Columbus, was present. Rev. Father Charles Watterson acted as deacon, Rev. G. M. LaFailleur as sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Kistler as master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the mass Bishop Watterson addressed the delegates. He congratulated the Order on its success in the past, and in behalf of the Catholics of the city bade the delegates welcome to the thirteenth annual session. The delegates, he said, had a sincere purpose in view in coming to the cathedral, and that was to ask the the blessing of God upon their work. While it was necessary to follow some business principles in conducting the affairs of the Order, he admonished the delegates that all temporal affairs must be subordinate to the spiritual welfare of all. The Catholic Order of Foresters, he said, has been approved by the church, and the delegates should be able, through the influence of their society to counteract much of the evils of the times. He hoped the results and determinations of the convention would be for the interests of the Order and of the holy Catholic church, and assured the delegates that the local courts would do all in their power to make their stay in Columbus a pleasant one, so that they might carry home many pleasant memories of the convention and their visit to the city.

The delegates then marched in a body to the Capitol grounds, where they were photographed, after which they returned to the City hall.

During all the sessions of the convention, opening prayer was offered by the various priests present, among whom were the following: Revs. B. J. Schuette, F. X. Rajec, D. R. Macdonald, George F. Marshall, W. J. O'Sullivan, G. M. LePailleur and F. X. Becker. The High Chief Ranger appointed Jacob F. Mehren and Frank Sloan, of Chicago, to act as conductors; and Charles Kaiser and William Reed, of Columbus, as sentinels. The usual greetings were ordered to be sent to His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, by cable, and by telegram to their Eminences, the Apostolic Delegate Archbishop Martinelli of Washington, Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec, and to the High Chaplain of the Order, Most Rev. Archbishop P. A. Feehan of Chicago. A committee of the seven reverend brothers present at the convention was intrusted with the work of transmitting the greetings. A few matters of routine business were then transacted, and the session adjourned until Wednesday afternoon at 2 p. m.

On Wednesday morning the delegates attended solemn requiem high mass at St. Mary's German church, in honor of the deceased members of the Order.

Tuesday evening a session of the side rank degree was held at Volks Halle, which was pronounced by the delegates to have been one of the most enjoyable functions they ever attended. The side rank is a sort of social adjunct to the Order, and is not officially recognized as a part of it. Its sessions are purely social, and it is maintained as an attraction to preserve the interest and retain the membership in the local courts.

The various committees were meantime meeting at the Chittenden hotel preparing their reports for the convention. At the session Wednesday afternoon the committees on petitions, appeals and state of the Order made their reports, after which the convention adjourned.

In the evening the delegates and local Foresters sat down to a sumptuous banquet, prepared by the local committee, at the Chittenden Hotel. Mr. Charles Dietrick introduced Dr. Charles A. Brun as the toastmaster of the evening. After grace had been said by Rev. W. J. O'Sullivan, of Montpelier, Vt., the guests partook of an elegant spread.

After cigars had been lighted and the guests had placed themselves in position to enjoy the feast of reason which was to follow, the programme of toasts was inaugurated. Following are the toasts with the responses:

"The Catholic Order of Foresters, Its Success," Thos. H. Cannon, H. C. R., Chicago; "Our High Chaplain," Rev. B. J. Schuette, Niles Centre, Ill.; "Our Clergy," E. S. Cummings, Chicago; "The Catholic Order of Foresters as a Fraternal Society," John C. Schubert, P. H. C. R., Chicago; "The Catholic Forester as a Citizen," Hon. James M. Graham, Springfield, Ill.; "The Catholic Order of Foresters Gathering Around Its Standard Men of All Nationalities," Theo. B. Thiele, H. S., Chicago; "The Catholic Home," Rev. G. M. LePailleur, Quebec; "The Catholic Order of Foresters—Its History and Success in Columbus," John J. Reilly, Columbus; "Our French-Canadian Brothers," Theodore Leonard, Columbus; "The Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII," Hilary C. McAlister, Columbus; "The Catholic Order of Foresters and the Catholic Church," Joseph A. Egan, Columbus; "The High Court," John S. McCrystal, Sandusky, Ohio; "State and Provincial Courts," Paul Miller, Sandusky, Ohio; "The Side Rank," Thomas J. Callen, Milwaukee, Wis.; "The Ladies," D. J. Murphy, Waukon, Iowa.

In addition to the regular programme Rev. Father F. X. Becker, of Norway, Mich., sang a humorous Chinese song, to the great delight of the company, and after an encore offered a Chinese prayer.

The banquet was conceded an unqualified success, and the local committee received many congratulations for their efforts. It was almost daylight when the delegates left the banquet hall.

On Thursday afternoon the convention resumed active work, and to make up for lost time held an evening session. The afternoon session was devoted principally to the discussion of the reports of the committee on finance, and a discussion as to the place for holding the next annual session. The selection of Burlington, Vt., was unanimously approved. The financial committee prefaced their report with a very compli[illegible] allusion to the services of the executive officers, to [illegible] care and judgment the [illegible] Order during the past year is principally due. They recommended that the salary of the High Treasurer be increased to $1,000 per annum, this being the only increase in salary granted by the convention. Provisions were made in their recommendation for the establishment of a reserve fund.

On the re-assembling of the convention at 7:30 p. m., the report of the committee on constitution was presented by Brother Thomas McEnerny, of Chicago, and occupied the attention of the convention until midnight.

Following are the principal amendments recommended by this committee:

The title of Chaplain and High Chaplain are changed respectively to Spiritual Director and High Spiritual Director.

Any Cardinal, Archbishop or Bishop shall be eligible to membership if under 55 years of age, but can only take insurance in the amount of $1,000.

No incumbent of the office of High Treasurer shall succeed himself more than once.

The State and Provincial conventions shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in August, and annually thereafter.

Applicants for membership hereafter will be aequired to answer the question: "Have you made your Easter duty during the last Easter period, and have you been since to confession?"

The fee of the High Medical Examiner for approving applications shall be 25 cents.

The matter of reserve fund shall be submitted to the subordinate courts for a vote thereon at their last meeting in June of 1897 and 1898, and their votes shall be submitted to their respective state and provincial jurisdictions.

Endowment certificates for $500 will hereafter be issued ot one-half the present rates for $1,000.

The charter fee for new courts will hereafter be $75, of which a commission of $50 will be paid to the organizer.

Besides the foregoing the present constitution is completely remodeled and codified, without particular change being made therein, but with the purpose of consolidating sections which heretofore appeared in different portions of the work.

The report of the committee having been accepted as a whole by the convention, the next business in order was the nomination and election of officers, with the following result: High Chief Ranger, Thomas H. Cannon, Chicago; High Vice-Chief Ranger, Aime Talbot, Quebec, Canada; High Secretary, Theo. B. Thiele, Chicago; High Treasurer, Thos. J. Callen, Milwaukee; High Medical Examiner, Dr. T. F. O'Malley, Chicago; High Trustees, John P. Harding, N. F. Relewicz, Gabriel Franchere, Chicago; J. W. Henneberry, Eagle Grove, Iowa; Patrick Grogan, Milwaukee; J. F. Mehren, Chicago.

The next International Convention of the Order will be held on the second Tuesday of June, 1899, in the City of Burlington, Vt. The conventions hereafter will be held biennially, and annual sessions will be the rule for state and Provincial jurisdictions.

The Convention just held at Columbus is regarded as having been the most successful ever held by the Order, and was composed of the ablest body of delegates that has ever assembled in the interest of the Catholic Order of Foresters.

POWERS TAKE ACTION

THE BIG FLEETS USE THEIR GUNS ON THE CRETANS.

Athens Replies to the Outrage With a Meeting of 40,000 Which Cheers King George — The Latter Declares He Has Enlisted for the War If It Comes.

Canea, Island of Crete, Feb. 22.—A fusillade having continued since morning, despite the warnings of the foreign admirals, the united squadrons bombarded the insurgent camp outside of Canea. The foreign admirals have warned Colonel Vassos, the commander of the Greek forces on the island of Crete, of their intention to attack his troops with four men of war anchored off his camp at Aghioi Theodoroi, should he attempt to advance to the interior of the island.

Constantinople, Feb. 22.—A dispatch from Janina says that the authorities are arming the Mussulman population for a descent upon the Greek frontier near Arta.

Athens People Cheer the King.

Athens, Feb. 22.—Over 40,000 persons participated in a demonstration yesterday afternoon on University square in favor of the union of Crete and Greece. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. An address was adopted declaring that the king and people were ready for any sacrifices of blood and treasure to bring the present Cretan policy to a successful issue. The crowd then marched to the palace and a deputation presented the address to the king. Tremendous cheering followed. His majesty King George, Crown Prince Constantine, Duke of Sparta and other members of the royal family occupied places on the balcony. The king adressed the crowd as follows: "You are executing the true mandate of the Hellenic people. I thank you for this imposing display of your feelings. May God protect our beloved country and strengthen our common efforts. Long live the Hellenic nation." The address of King George was followed by vociferous cheering.

Will Annex Crete, Regardless.

This address, taken with the still more definite statement the king made Saturday is a distinct defiance of all the European powers. On Saturday The Asty printed a statement made by the king to the effect that he had sent an envoy to one of the powers and made every effort to call the favorable attention of Europe to the situation in Crete, but with the exception of the mixed gendarme and the so-called reforms nothing had resulted. Continuing the king said: "My patience became exhausted, and I decided to annex the island of Crete, which body and soul is Greek. This decision will provoke, however, the powers to adopt coercive measures against me. I have ordered my army not to abandon the island under any circumstances. Crete will be administratively organized as soon as possible."

Tremendous Excitement at Athens.

Athens, Feb. 22.—The news of the bombardment of the insurgent camp [illegible] by vessels of the foreign fleets had caused tremendous excitement here. It is asserted that the fire of the warships did great injury to the Christian camp, that several men were killed, and several wounded by the shells.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

His Memory Honored in a Fitting Manner at Chicago.

Chicago, Feb. 23.—The annual celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Washington under the auspices of the Union League club was held in the Auditorium yesterday afternoon. The great hall was filled to its utmost capacity, the stage being occupied by a large chorus of children from the high schools of the city, which, in company with the great organ in the hall, furnished music for the occasion. The oration of the day was delivered by Hon. Frederic R. Coudert, of New York, who spoke on "War and Arbitration."

In the evening a banquet was held at the home of the Union League club, at which the speakers were Coudert, Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, A. B. Cummins, James R. Garfield and Colonel Henry L. Turner.

All the schools in the city held anniversary exercises yesterday and the national ensign floated everywhere.

Gary to Have a Portfolio.

Canton, O., Feb. 20.—At 1:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon Hon. James A. Gary, of Baltimore, left the private room at the McKinley home, where he had been in consultation with the president-elect for several hours and gave the following statement to the Associated Press: "Governor McKinley has tendered me a portfolio in his cabinet. While it is not definitely settled which one, I am assured that it will be one which I can accept."

Expected Happens at Gen. Harrison's.

Indianapolis, Feb. 22.—At 5:30 o'clock yesterday morning a baby girl weighing eight and one-half pounds was born to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, Dr. Henry Jameson being the attending physician. Mother and child are doing well. Mrs. Lieutenant Parker, of New York, is with her sister, Mrs. Harrison. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison were married in St. Thomas' church, New York, April 6, 1896. The ex-president is in his 64th year.

Bicycle Race at Chicago.

Chicago, Feb. 22.—Postmaster Hesing at 12:05 last night gave the word which started the six-day bicycle race at Tattersalls. There were twenty-eight starters. The race is unpaced, and no team work will be permitted. Many noted riders entered, and the management expects that a number of records will be broken.

Cashier and Money Missing.

New York, Feb. 22.—Captain George Trumbridge, proprietor of Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, notified the police that his cashier, J. R. Twaites, has been missing since Thursday night and that $4,000 and a lot of jewelry which had been placed in the office safe could not be accounted for.

Dr. Steinitz Reported Dead.

London, Feb. 22.—A dispatch to The Daily Mail from Paris says that Dr. Steinitz is dead at Moscow. He was the famous chess player, and was born in 1836.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the National Lawmakers.

Washington, Feb. 19.—The open session of the senate yesterday lasted only twenty minutes, during which a bill was passed that provides for using a patent postal cord and envelope with coupons attached. The postmaster general is authorized to suspend the system if it proves unsatisfactory on a test. The executive session lasted until 6:30 and was mostly devoted to confirming Charles F. Amidon, appointed a district judge in North Dakota. The arbitration treaty was considered briefly and will probably be postponed until after March 4 next.

The house adopted the conference reports on the bills to pension the widows of Major General Stoneman and Major General Julius H. Stahl at $50 and $75, respectively, and seated Hopkins in place of Kendall from the Tenth Kentucky district—197 to 91. The committee reported in favor of Kendall.

Washington, Feb. 20.—After eight hours in executive session the senate adjourned yesterday without a vote on the arbitration treaty, the opposition filibustering to prevent action. Sherman and Lodge pleaded with those opposed to action to take a vote or agree to take a vote, but the minority was unyielding and forced an adjournment. Teller and Daniel spoke against the treaty and Lindsay for it. Nothing else was done in the senate.

In the house there was a long debate over the general deficiency bill, during which Walker of Massachusetts denounced the rules committee for its alleged "tryanny." The bill was not completed. Grow made a speech for the free homes bill. Nothing was done at the night session.

Washington, Feb. 22.—The senate Saturday adopted a resolution of sympathy with Greece in the present dispute in Europe over Crete. Quay tried to get up the bill for a commission to look into labor troubles, but after a brief talk it was displaced by the Indian appropriation bill. This gave rise to a long debate in which the silver question cropped out and also the old dispute about granting money to churches for Indian education, the senate committee having added a clause to continue that practice. The bill was not acted upon at adjournment. A bill was passed giving the widow of General Carr $60 a month pension.

The house put in the day on the general deficiency bill, striking out an item of $12,000 to pay members who had been "docked" for non-attendance by a rule of the Fifty-third congress. McMillan made a hot speech against the supreme court for deciding against the income tax referring to the "thick hide" of Justice Shiras, who changed his opinion on that case and calling the majority opinion "slush." No action on the bill. The bill for an international commission was reported favorably.

Washington, Feb. 23.—After Washington's Farewell Address had been read in the senate by Daniel the Indian appropriation was taken up and the clause for further help to sectarian Idian schools adopted with a proviso that this would be the last. The president sent in two vetoes of private pension bills, and it was agreed, beginning tomorrow, to meet at 11 a. m. The Indian appropriation bill still pending.

The house passed the general deficiency bill, retaining the appropriation ciency bill, retaining the appropriation propriation was taken up and good progress made on the bill.

POPULIST FACTIONS IN COUNCIL.

"Middle-of-the-Road" Men Elect Burkett President—The Other Wing.

Memphis, Feb. 23.—The Reform Press association met in annual convention in this city yesterday, about 300 delegates being present. Among those in attendance are Paul Vandervoort, of Omaha; Jacob S. Coxey, of Ohio; Hon. Frank Burkett, of Mississippi, and "Cyclone" Davis, of Texas. National Committeeman George F. Washburn, of Massachusetts, is also present, but took no part in the proceedings. The appointment of committees and the annual address of President Vandervoort occupied the morning session and the feature of the afternoon meeting was the election of Frank Burkett, of Mississippi, as president for the ensuing year.

The anti-fusion, "middle-of-the-road" element gave hearty support to President Vandervoort. Vandervoort's recommendation that National Chairman Butler be deposed, was received with loud applause from all parts of the hall.

Kansas City, Feb. 23.—There were seventy-five delegates at the meeting of the Reform Press association here, and the question was the organization of a new national association, but after a warm discussion it went over without action. Very little that was complimentary was said of the Memphis people.

Educators Conclude Their Meet.

Indianapolis, Feb. 19.—The concluding sessions of the department of superintendence were held yesterday. They was largely business meetings. Charles R. Skinner, of New York, introduced an anti-scalper resolution, which he said was of great importance and had direct bearing on the act now before congress. After a lively debate the resolution was adopted by a narrow margin. As the place for holding the next session Chattanooga, Tenn., was chosen. President-elect Schaeffer then made his bow to the audience.

Terrible Explosion of Gasoline.

Cleveland, Feb. 20.—Jacob Sterzellac arose at 5 a. m. yesterday to light a fire and mistook a gasoline lamp for one of kerosene. An explosion occurred, setting the house on fire and before the family could get out of bed all were terribly burned, together with Albert Jerno and Joseph Jerga, two boarders. In all eight were burned and of the eight Agnes Sterzellac, aged 2; John Sterzellac, and Victoria Sterzellac, the latter aged 3, have since died. Two others may die.

Terrible Disaster on the Atlantic.

Boston, Feb. 22.—The German tank steamer Diamant, Captain Wischausen and thirty-five men, was probably lost with all hands, 250 miles southeast of Halifax, Feb. 17, or else she has been drifting at the mercy of the elements ever since. Such is the opinion of Captain Forth, of the Furniss Line steamer Galileo. Captain Forth attempted to tow the Diamant and to save her crew, but the hawser parted and the tank steamer disappeared from view so quickly that it is believed that she went down.

LATEST NEWS FROM JACKSONVILLE.

Cuban Insurgents Having Their Own Way with the Forces of Weyler.

Cincinnati, Feb. 22.—A special to The Commercial-Tribune from Jacksonville, Fla., says: Letters from Pinar del Rio to Colonel Corbo give details of engagements in that section recently, in all of which the insurgents were successful. Near Joreta Major Morales engaged San Martin's troops and after a two hours' fight the Cuban machete charge drove the Spanish from the field in utter rout, they leaving 125 dead on the field. The insurgents decoyed the Spanish into a trap in Jopeta swamp and cut their rear guard into pieces and routed a squadron of 500 men.

At the woods of El Toveo was another disaster for the Spaniards, Colonel Lorento defeating Colonel Martin's detachment of 600 men and forcing him to retreat to San Juan y Martinez with heay loss, leaving his dead on the field. At Janta the Spaniards made a plucky fight, but the Cubans routed them after three hours' fighting. The insurgents secured 20 rifles and 1,500 rounds of ammunition. Their loss was less than thirty, while the Spaniards acknowledged a loss of over 140.

A special to The Commercial-Tribune from Key West, Fla., says: A report has reached here of rumors in Havana of a big fight in Santa Clara province between 1,500 Spaniards and 1,200 Cubans under Gomez, which lasted eight hours. The insurgents cut down the Spanish forces first with artillery and then with the machete, the Spaniards fleeing for their lives in the greatest disorder. The losses on both sides were heavy, the Spaniards losing the most men. The Cubans captured all the ammunition, stores and guns, including four field pieces and quantities of small arms.

MURDERED BY INDIANS.

The Bodies of Six People Discovered Near Winona, Minn.

Winona, N. D., Feb. 19.—A terrible sextuple tragedy was discovered one mile from this place yesterday on the ranch of Rev. Thomas Spicer. The horribly mutilated bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Spicer, their daughter Mrs. William Rouse, with her 1-year-old twin boys, and the aged Mrs. Waldron, the mother of the postmaster of this place, were discovered scattered about the ranch, and there is as yet no positive clue to the perpetrators of the horrible crime. The appearance about the ranch, the condition of the bodies, and some other circumstances have led to the suspicion that the murder was committed by Indians, and this suspicion was in part started from the known fact that one Indian was seen in the neighborhood of the ranch yesterday.

Bushell Will Appoint Hanna.

Springfield, O., Feb. 22.—The Gazette, which is regarded throughout the state as Governor Bushnell's official organ, publishes an editorial which is construed by the governor's friends to mean that he will appoint Hon. Mark A. Hanna to succeed Sherman in the United States senate. The editorial is not specific, mentioning no candidates, but states the appointemnt will be of such a character as to increase harmony in the party.

Since the above came out Governor Bushnell has made a statement announcing that he will appoint Hanna senator.

Wife Murderer McCarthy Hanged.

Chicago, Feb. 20.—Silently, Daniel McCarthy stepped on the scaffold in the north corridor of the county jail at 11:57 o'clock yesterday. At 11:59 o'clock his white-shrouded form dropped through the trap, and at 12:08 it was declared that death from strangulation had ensued. The law had punished him for the murder of his wife, Mrs. Adelina McCarthy, whom he shot at the home of her mother, Mrs. Barbara Grover, 243 Illinois street, where the woman had fled, driven by her husband's cruelty.

Iowa Legislative Notes.

Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 23.—Senator Carney, of Marshalltown, went ofter the state institutions again yesterday, the house having rejected the proposed investigation. He introduced a resolution for one by a committee of five senators, himself exluded. It is understood to be a controversy between Carney and the commissioners of the soldiers' home in Marshalltown. The house and senate have passed a resolution asking the railways for low freight on corn.

Costly Fire at Grand Forks.

Grand Forks, S. D., Feb. 22.—Grand Forks was visited by the greatest fire in its history yesterday. The flames had a good start and the firemen worked in 25 degrees below zero weather. Many narrow escapes occurred by inmates who escaped in scanty clothing. The loss is estimated at $225,000, and insurance at $110,000. Beare's, dry goods; Rand Bros. and Epraim Bros., clothing, and Higham Bros., hardware, were burned out.

Mulct Law for Special Charter Cities.

Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 19.—The bill as reported from the house providing that the mulct law shall be operative in cities under special charter was passed by the senate by a vote of 39 to 6. The affirmative votes were all cast by Republicans. The governor has signed the bill. Hipwell, of Davenport, offered an amendment legalizing contracts made for liquor while the law was inopertive, but it was not adopted.

Mothers' Congress Adjourns.

Washington, Feb. 20.—After a very successful and enthusiastic meeting of three days, the first mothers' congress last night finished its work and adjourned to meet next year in Washington. This city will be the general headquartrs of the new organization and the meeting every other year will take place here, while in the alternate years it will be held at some city to be chosen by the congress.

Killed in the Boxing Ring.

Cincinnati, Feb. 19.—One of the prize fighters, Benny Coleman, colored, at the Manhattan Athletic club tournament, was killed last night, his neck being broken by a blow struck by William Wright, his antagonist. Several arrests were made.

Disastrous Flood in Kentucky.

Middlesboro, Ky., Feb. 23.—A most disastrous flood visited this valley, flooding two-thirds of the town. Sixty families were forced from their homes.

Rope Walker Blondin Dead.

London, Feb. 23.—Blondin, the rope walker, is dead.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

WHAT THE LAWMAKERS ARE DOING AT SPRINGFIELD.

Proceedings in the Senate and House Boiled Down—Bills and Resolutions Introduced and Other Matters of Interest to the People of the State.

Springfield, Feb. 19.—Governor Tanner sent to the senate yesterday the following appointments: J. H. Pierce, H. H. Green and Thomas O'Shaughnessy, Joliet penitentiary commissioners; P. H. Donnelly, James Alexander, Andrew Yeager, T. D. Kelliger and S. M. Dalzel, labor commissioners; T. C. McMillan and William Jackson, managers Pontiac reformatory. They were all confirmed. A number of bills were introduced, one being to establish a board of medical examiners to regulate the practice of medicine. The bill fixing the salary of judges of election in Cook county at $5 per day, was passed.

Bills were introduced in the house fixing the charge for berths in sleeping cars, reducing the rates, and declaring all express companies doing business in the state common carriers, giving the railway commission control over them. Revell's bill to repeal the libel law was defeated, after a warm debate—62 to 66—with twenty-four absent and not voting. Revell moved to strike out the emergency clause and vote on the bill without that clause, but the speaker ruled against him, holding that it was only when a bill had a majority and failed to pass that such action could be taken. Debate on the point was pending at adjournment.

At a caucus of the Republican members of the senate it was decided to take an adjournment from Feb. 26 to March 9, to permit the members to attend the inauguration of the president.

Springfield, Feb. 20. — The senate adopted a resolution to adjourn Feb. 26 to March 9, and concurred in a house resolution to adjourn from Friday to Tuesday instead of Monday evening. Bills were introduced—that death sentences be executed in the penitentiary; granting women the right to vote at special town meetings and at elections for supervisor, town clerk, collector and highway commissioners; to amend the law as to teaching in the public schools the bad effects of alcohol.

The house adopted a resolution asking the government to see that Scovel, the correspondent arrested in Cuba, has his rights, and a resolution asking congress to pass a bill to compel the marking of all convict-made goods. A bill was introduced to amend the law of 1873 regarding artitration of damage suits.

It seems that W. S. Matthews, whom Governor Tanner removed as trustee of the Anna insane hospital had resigned nearly a month ago, as stated by Representative Barnes.

McClaughry to Take Charge at Joliet.

Springfield, Ills., Feb. 20.—The commissioners of the Joliet penitentiary met here yesterday and appointed Major R. M. McClaughry, at present superintendent of the state reformatory for boys at Pontiac, warden of the penitentiary. Ex-Representative George Torrance, of Pontiac, was appointed superintendent of the state reformatory for boys by the trustees of that institution.

Gov. Oglesby's Sister Dead.

Decatur, Ills., Feb. 19.—Ophelia W. Peddecord, wife of Jasper J. Peddecord and sister of ex-Governor Richard J. Oglesby, died at her residence in this city yesterday afternoon, aged 77. She was a native of Kentucky and came to Decatur with her brother, ex-Governor Oglesby, in 1836. She was connected with prominent families of central Illinois.

Yes? And How About Illinois?

Carlyle, Ills., Feb. 22.—Henry Scherr, town marshal of Breese, a mining town nine miles west of here, was stabbed by a tramp named Joseph Kurtz, and will die. The miners there intend to avenge the crime by lynching the would-be assassin, if he is apprehended.

Green P. Crabtree Acquitted.

Cairo, Ills., Feb. 20.—On last July 26 Green P. Crabtree stabbed and killed Dr. Isaac N. Coffee, president of the Illinois state board of pharmacy, and was indicted for manslaughter. Yesterday he was acquitted by a jury on the ground that he acted in self-defense.

Last Survivor of the Black Hawk War.

Springfield, Ills., Feb. 23.—Philip Clark, the last survivor of the Black Hawk war, was buried Sunday in Clinton. He was 85 years old, and served in the war under Captain Araham Lincoln. His wife, aged 83 years, is dangerously ill.

State Notes.

The president has refused to pardon Lucien Hubbard, convicted in Illinois of counterfeiting, whose sentence has expired and who seeks to be restored to citizenship.

Rev. James C. Rucker, of Clinton, Ills., a superannuated preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church and over 80 years old, was arrested by the Evanston police while preparing to take his own life.

Lewis Hargrave, chief engineer, and John McMillan, head pressman, of the Chicago Chronicle, were seriously, and five or six others more or less injured by a combustion of crossed electric wires and natural gas, causing the usual explosion.

While running with desperate effort to avoid arrest at Chicago Nicholas Mentgen lost his life under the wheels of a Northwestern passenger train.

Rigo and Clara Are Flushed.

London, Feb. 22.—Janos Rigo, the Hungarian gypsy musician with whom the Princess de Chimay eloped, has written to a friend in Antwerp saying that seventeen impresarios have offered him engagements. He has declined all of them. He added that he did not lack funds and that he and the princess were going to the United States.

Mrs. Beecher Has Another Relapse.

Stamford, Conn., Feb. 23.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher had another relapse last evening. There is a genral weakness of all the vital organs which presages speedy dissolution. It is thought that the end will come within twenty-four hours.

New Opera House for Kokomo.

Kokomo, Ind., Feb. 23.—D. A. Blythe, of this place, and Edward W. Curtis, of Chicago, have filed articles of association to build a $30,000 opera house in Kokomo this spring. The contract will be let April 1.

SPRING FLOOD IN THE OHIO.

Annual Inundation Threatened with Heavy Rain Over the Watershed.

Cincinnati, Feb. 23.—For seventy-two hours, up to 7 o'clock last night, a steady rain has fallen over the entire area of the immense watershed of the Ohio valley, with the exception of the mountainous portions of western New York and western Pennsylvania, where the telegraph reported rains last night. Here it is still drizzling from a black sky that threatens heavy rainfall, in which case conditions for a great flood would be present. Already in the past seventy-two hours there has been by signal service measurement a rainfall of three and eleventh hundredths inches.

The mountains at the head waters of the Kentucky, Cumberland and Tennessee rivers are delivering into these great tributaries with great rapidity floods of melted snow and rain and filling the lower Ohio. Should the rain cease the present flood at this point will probably stop within the fifty-five-foot mark, which would cause no great inconvenience. Should a heavy rainfall occur over a considerable area of the Ohio valley there is no predicting what stage the water would reach at Cincinnati.

DEATH HAS BEEN BUSY AGAIN.

Four Persons Burned to Death—The Grim Terror on the Rail.

Hannibal, Mo., Feb. 23.—The residence and store of Marks, on Main street, took fire at 2:30 yesterday morning, and before the flames were controled $5,000 worth of property was destroyed, and the following persons burned to death: M. Marks, owner of the burned home; William Reid, a boarder; two boys, sons of Marks.

Cincinnati, Feb. 23.—Eleven persons were hurt in a railway wreck on the Chesapeake and Ohio road, opposite Portsmouth, Ohio, yesterday. A. G. Stout, roadmaster, died in half an hour, and M. A. Faulkner, baggagemaster, was so seriously hurt that he may die. The others were severely wounded.

Ebenburg, Pa., Feb. 23.—By the collision of a train with a box car on the Cresson branch of the Pennsylvania road, near this place yesterday, five persons were seriously hurt and a score were slightly injured. The seriously hurt are: W. P. Shiver, fireman, may die; John Foreman, mail agent, Huntington, Pa.; Michael Myers, of Lilly, Pa.; S. C. Child, of Harrisburg, Pa.; Thomas Barnes, Phillipsburg, Pa.

INDIAN UPRISING IN NEVADA.

White Settlers Make a Call for Men and Arms.

Carson, Nev., Feb. 23.—Some excitement was caused here yesterday by a message from white settlers at Yerington, in Mason valley, fifty miles from Carson, for fifty armed militiamen and fifty extra stands of arms to be sent by special train.

A Plute Indian was killed by a white man at Yerington Sunday by being struck with a crowbar. The Indians became enraged and sent runners to Walker river reservation, which is part of the Pyramid Lake reservation. All male Indians from Walker river came into Mason valley after having sent their squaws to the mountains. Governor Sadler sent Adjutant General Golusha on a special train to investigate the trouble and report immediately. Yerington is ten miles from Wabaska, the station on the Carson and Colorado railroad, a branch of the Virginia and Truckee.

PUGILISTS HARD AT WORK.

Corbett and Fitzsimmons Both Now Training for Their Fight.

Carson, Nev., Feb. 23. — The thermometer at daybreak yesterday stood at 8 degrees below, the coldest weather known in Carson for several years. The sun came up bright and warm, however, and the mercury rose to 20 above at noon. Bob Fitzsimmons commenced work with a four round bout with Hickey and a half hour's work with Roeber on the wrestling mat. He finished the morning's routine with bag punching for twenty-five minutes. He showed no fatigue from the work.

Jim Corbett carried out his routine work, putting in more than an hour at hand-ball with his brother Joe, and then took on Woods until the latter was exhausted. Aside from a slightly flushed face Jim showed no effects.

M'KINLEY IS IN SECLUSION.

Allowed to See None but His Family and Secretaries.

Canton, O., Feb. 23.—The president-elect did not receive his most intimate friends yesterday, and a score of callers returned to their hotels and homes with the information that "Major McKinley is positively not receiving callers today." Dr. T. H. Phillips, the family physician, has given instructions to that effect and only members of the family and his secretaries gain access to his private office. There need be no apprehension as to the health of Major McKinley, but the physician says he must have absolute freedom from care and disturbance to fully prepare him for the trying scenes of next week.

Death of a Notorious Bank Thief.

New York, Feb. 23.—Chauncey Johnson, whose career as a bank and general sneakthief began in 1852 and has been continued ever since, except during the intervals of his imprisonment, died in Sing Sing Monday. It has been said of him that his stealings aggregated a greater sum than those of any other criminal in his time.

Will Have a Full Investigation.

Washington, Feb. 23.—The administration is determined to have a full investigation of all the circumstances surrounding the death of Dr. Ricardo Ruiz, the American dentist, who was recently found dead in a prison at Cuanabacoa, Cuba. The question of reparation, if the facts justify it, will follow investigation.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.

Monday being Washington's birthday all the exchanges throughout the country were closed and no grain quotations were given out.

Chicago Produce.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 19 per lb; extra dairy, 17c per lb; fresh packing stock, 8c. Eggs — Fresh stock, 15c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 10@11c per lb; chickens (hens), 6¼@7¼c; roosters, 4@4½; ducks, 9@11c; geese, 6@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 22@25c per bu.; Hebrons, 22@25. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, 90c@$1.25 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 13c per lb.; extracted, 6@7c. Apples—Common to fancy, $1.00@2.50 per bbl.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Feb. 17.

Mrs. Josephine Rowley, member of an influential Roman Catholic church of St. Louis, has been excommunicated because she married Dr. W. L. Whipple, a Protestant, in defiance of the mandates of Archbishop Kain.

R. M. Livingston, of Listowell, Ont., fell off a Canadian Pacific railway train east of Winnipeg and was killed. He was a nephew of Dr. Livingston, the famous African explorer.

Idaho may go into a competitive business with Nevada to secure prize fights as a means of advertising the state and promoting the art of self-defense.

The Kansas house of representatives has voted down a bill giving women the right to vote for presidential electors.

According to the annual report of the London fire department, just issued, there is an average of ten fires a day in the British metropolis. One hundred and six lives were lost by fire during 1896.

Frank Frink and George Peyton were overcome by gas at Centerville, Ind., while repairing a crude oil tank belonging to the gas works. Their recovery is doubtful.

Thursday, Feb. 18.

Elias Servoss, Jr., was killed at his home in Whitneyville, a suburb of New Haven, Conn. The indications are that murder was committed, but the motive for such a crime has not developed.

The Hong Kong press prints correspondence stating that 325,000 inhabitants have left Bombay on account of the plague.

The fight in Kansas for resubmission of the liquor question is apparently lost in the state legislature.

Colonel R. H. McLean, until lately commander of the Hawaiian army, has arrived in San Francisco on his way to New York, and will remain permanently in the United States.

Ignatius Donnelly has introduced in the Minnesota legislature a constitutional amendment exempting homesteads from taxation to the amount of $1,000.

People in Carlyle, Ills., who lost money by the Ramsey bank failure, will appeal to the legislature for an investigation of the loans.

Friday, Feb. 19.

Butler, the Australian murderer, has been a marine in her majesty's service in addition to his other occupations.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union at Chicago has just received a second donation of $25,000 from Marshall Field for the Temple. This makes his pledge $50,000, the conditions being that $300,000 be raised to purchase the full amount of bonds.

The sixth annual exhibition of the National Carnation society, opened at Cincinnati with over 15,000 blooms.

Miss Carrie Jewell, of recent years a belle in New York society, and the favorite niece of the late Frederick K. Taylor, of St. Louis, has foresworn his liberal bequest to her, abandoned society, and become a nun in the Sacred Heart order at St. Louis.

Samuel Elder, the wealthy soap manufacturer living at Wheeling, W. Va., committed suicide by shooting himself.

Hon. William J. Bryan will address the Kansas legislature in joint session today.

Saturday, Feb. 20.

After four hours of sharp and bitter debate, the woman suffrage bill was killed in the lower house of the Oklahoma legislature.

Sherman Ransom, well-known in Chicago, and Mrs. Frank Dressler were shot and killed by the latter's husband at Anaconda, Mont.

The Burlington railway directors have declared the regular quarterly divdend of 1 per cent.

Henry Ludwic, about whom little is known, was found dead in Harvey & McGuire's lodging house, Chicago.

The officers of the cruiser Brooklyn have been declared blameless in the matter of that vessel striking the rocks Jan. 30 last.

Colonel H. S. Wright and A. V. Ragsdale, two agents at Evanston, Wyo., of the Mutual Life Insurance company, of New York, have been arrested on a charge of obtaining money under fraudulent representations.

Monday, Feb. 22.

Francisco Priori, who was drunk on Mott street, New York, tried to kiss Miss Lingi, and in the fight that resulted was killed.

A jury at Jamestown, N. Y., has awarded Mrs. Louis Morris, of Franklin, Pa., a verdict of $29,250, the amount of insurance on the life of her husband, who was drowned on Chautaupue lake.

The Missouri senate has passed a house bill repealing the law by which vagrants could be sold. The law had been declared unconstitutional.

A meeting of the Iron Ore association, or "ore pool" as it is commonly called, will be held at Cleveland some day this week and the question of dissolution considered.

James De Trafford Blackstone, a wealthy Norwich, Conn., man who was divorced from his first wife twenty years ago, will remarry her in New York city. Since they were separated Mrs. Blackstone has been married twice and divorced twice. Blackstone has been married again and has buried his second wife.

Mrs. May Skelton, aged 43, committed suicide at the Hotel Menlo, New York city, by taking carbolic acid.

More

Medical value in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other preparation.

More skill, more care, more expense in manufacture. It costs proprietor and dealer

More but it costs the consumer *less*, as he gets more doses for his money.

More curative power is secured by its peculiar combination, proportion, and process.

More wonderful cures effected, more testimonials, more sales and more increase. Many more reasons why you should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

AMERICA'S POMPEII.

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES MADE BY AN ALASKAN TRAVELER.

Relics of an Unknown Race Revealed by an Avalanche—The Walls of What May Be a Prehistoric City Laid Bare—Some Beautiful Specimens of Pottery.

One of the most interesting theories in regard to the ancient colonization of America is that relating to its Asiatic origin. These theories were supported by tribal traditions, chiefly among the highly civilized races of Mexico as they were discovered by the Spaniards, from an analysis of which it would appear that the first settlements of this continent were Asiatic—for the time of a high degree of cultivation, in time overrun and subjugated by more warlike and powerful invaders, who, like themselves, came from the north.

Archæological discoveries in New Mexico, Arizona and California have tended to confirm these obscure legends, and now a correspondent of The Globe-Democrat of St. Louis presents the latest claims in the evidence of a Professor Alfred Eldrige of Montreal as to recent discoveries made by him in Alaska. Professor Eldrige's statements to the correspondent were, in brief, as follows;

"At the mouth of the Kuwalik river, on the shore of Kotzebue sound, I encountered a small settlement of Indians, who were much surprised at my desire to proceed up the stream.

"The chief did all in his power to persuade me to abandon my project, explaining unbearable perils galore which I would be certain to encounter. The savages seemed to think the district cursed by the Great Spirit, and nothing could tempt them to set foot on it.

"I did not feel uneasy, however, until I arrived at the mouth of the Kuwalik. As I entered the mouth of this frozen river it seemed as though I could read, 'Abandon hope, all ye who enter here,' written across its horizon, and the vision of a possible Dantean 'Inferno' beyond amazed me.

"On the border of a little lake where I stopped my attention was drawn to a spot half way up a steep peak, which had evidently suffered some recent disturbance. On arriving at the situation I saw that a great body of earth had broken away and rolled down the mountain.

"The first thing to attract me was the discovery of a small piece of broken earthenware, light brown in color, with an artistically worked trimming of Greek design worked in black pigment. It was just such a piece as those I had found in New Mexico some years before, and any one can imagine my amazement at its discovery in that quarter.

"I turned quickly to scan the sides of the earth where the avalanche had torn it apart, and in the midst of the crevice, not 300 yards away from where I stood, I saw the protrusion of a wall of dull gray masonry, crumbling and broken, but showing beyond all doubt, even at that distance, that the builder was human. On making further investigations I found evidences of numerous other walls at a distance of 30 or more feet apart, and some of them revealed corners of masonry.

"It soon became evident to me that I had discovered an American Pompeii through the work of the avalanche. The remains of houses I saw were undoubtedly those of a prehistoric city, covered with earth and debris, which had hidden it through some volcanic action, possibly during, but most likely long after, its desertion, centuries on centuries ago.

"All of the masonry was of beautiful symmetry, constructed of hewn sandstone blocks of an approximately even size, laid in strong mortar beds and with the joints broken. There were many pieces of broken pottery and other articles of domestic use lying around the ruins.

"But I sought higher game, and after preparing a wooden handle to a copper spade which I picked up on the scene I went to digging most industriously. Almost immediately my antiquated spade unearthed a few more fragments of pottery, which seemed an ominous sign. As I reached about six feet beneath the surface pots, vases, cups, plates, jugs, pipes and numerous articles of doubtful use and too heavy to bring away with me were uncovered with almost every thrust of the spade. The last articles my spade revealed were mixed sizes of arrows, spears of odd design, scrapers, hatchets and drills.

"I dug into a square room which had no windows in the walls. Here I found some of the finest specimens of pottery I have ever seen. They were beautifully decorated and finished in a way that is a lost art to modern potters. There were many exquisitely shaped jars, about 3 feet tall and as perfectly preserved as the china just delivered from the hands of our nineteenth century potters—if anything, more artistically proportioned.

"It does not require much thought or study to see an undeniable connection between the evidence of prehistoric inhabitation in Spanish-America and those which I have unearthed in northern Alaska, a fact which opens an entirely new and extensive field for archæological study."

Always Running.

"Your wife has such a liquid voice," said Mr. Fosdick to Mr. Tiff.

"Yes, that's a pretty good name for it," replied Mr. Tiff.

Mr. Fosdick looked up inquiringly, and Mr. Tiff added, "It never dries up, you know."—Harper's Bazar.

Swords were formerly all handmade, the utmost dexterity and skill being required to give the steel the proper temper. In the ordinary sabers now used in the army machinery is, to a limited extent, employed.

From Bremen to Sandy Hook is 3,484 knots.

SHIP LIGHTING.

How Electrical Appliances Are Now Utilized For This Purpose.

When electrical plants were first installed aboard ship, lead incased cables, run in ordinary molding, were used almost entirely, and in case of iron ships the hull was frequently employed for the return circuit. The latter method soon passed out of use, for it not only increased the fire hazard, but was inefficient mechanically, and also liable to give rise to disturbing influences on the ship's compasses.

Lead incased conductors in ordinary molding were used on the first two United States men-of-war having electric plants—the Trenton and Omaha—but with unsatisfactory results in each case. In the latter ship, the electrical plant of which was installed by the writer in 1884, the lead incased port and starboard mains passed through holes bored in live oak knees, one hole to about each six feet of run, and the writer has a vivid recollection of the difficulties encountered in boring several hundred three-quarter and half inch holes through about eight inches of gnarled oak, very nearly as hard to pierce as some of the tougher metals. It is perhaps needless to say that the cost of labor and tools was no small item in the cost of installation.

Lead incased conductors were finally discarded, except in some special work, as the protection from injury to the insulation and from moisture, which the lead sheath was supposed to give, was found to be illusory. Dents caused short circuiting on the sheath of the conductors, while punctures, permitting the entrance of moisture, led to bad grounds as well as short circuits.

At the present day what may be called a composite system for the installation of the distributing conductors is employed. Equal security in all parts of the installation is the object kept in view, and to obtain this several systems are blended together as one. While molding and flexible conduits are used in the saloons and cabins, the conductors in the machinery spaces and holds are run in iron conduits, which are thoroughly innsulated on the inside, and special fittings are employed in passing through the decks and bulkheads. Special water tight switches, cutouts and fixtures are also used wherever there is exposure to the weather.—E. G. Bernard in Cassier's Magazine.

BRIDAL FAVORS.

An Ancient and Curious German Wedding Custom.

In The Ladies' Home Journal Max von Binzer writes of his experience as "A Page at the Berlin Court" upon the occasion of a double royal wedding and of the preceding and succeeding festivities. Describing an ancient and curious custom, he writes: "And now—after the wedding, dinner and ball—came the 'Fackeltanz.' Several of the highest officials entered the hall with flaming torches. A procession was formed, with the bride in the midst. A number of complicated polonaise figures were then executed, after which the line closed about the bride and groom and marched out as escort to the bridal chambers.

"As the doors of the bridal apartments closed upon the happy pair we found ourselves immediately next the entrance. We waited expectantly for the next feature, holding our advantageous position with some difficulty. In a few moments the doors flew open, and half a thousand silken garters, with the monograms embossed on the gold buckles, were thrown out by the ladies of honor. Court etiquette was for the nonce forgotten. Generals, courtiers, chamberlains and state ministers scrambled and fought with one another for these mementos. But we pages, rest assured, got the lion's share. I have several of these souvenirs now, although many were given away by me that night to beseeching dignitaries."

Wildcat and Porcupine.

A large wildcat that had gone hungry three days sneaked down the big beech ridge above Balygump, Me., with its face screwed into as ugly a sneer as ever a wildcat wore. Beyond the ridge, where the ground sank into a gullylike swamp, the wildcat found a fat porcupine on the ground. The cat evidently found the porcupine tempting to look on, for it promptly went on the hunt with all the craft it could exercise. Behind a hummock, along a snow ridge, over a fallen log and through a sprinkling of bush tops the cat made its way and approached the porcupine. Then it sprang and gripped its claws on its prey. It sought to roll the porcupine over so as to bite it on the belly. It succeeded only partially, and filled its jaws full of short quills from the porcupine's side. The porcupine died quickly, but the wildcat, with its jaws distended with the quills, could not eat the meat, being able only to lap up a little of the blood.

The agony to the wildcat was so great after awhile that the brute rolled over and over in the snow, finally forcing a quill through an eye and into its brain. —New York Sun.

Buttons.

Buttons are certainly as ancient as the siege of Troy, in the ninth century before our era, for, both in that unfortunate city and at Mycenæ, Dr. Schliemann discovered objects of gold, silver and bronze which could have had no other use than that of buttons. In mediæval times the clothing of the common people was generally fastened with wooden pegs of the type and form of those resorted to in emergencies by the country boy of the present day. Buttons covered with cloth were prohibited by George I, in 1720, to encourage the manufacture of metal buttons.

Seeking a Life of Ease.

"Why are you trying to get on the police force, Corker?"

"I've grown too heavy for any work requiring activity, sir."—Detroit Free Press.

LIVING BAROMETERS.

CREATURES OF THE LOWER ORDERS THAT FORETELL WEATHER.

Animal Instinct or Something Else Which Tells Bugs, Birds and Beasts When There Is Going to Be a Storm—A Frog That Climbs a Ladder to Give Warning.

The spider is a good example of the living barometer. Close observation of the work on its web castle will soon enable one to forecast the weather. When a high wind or a heavy rain threatens, the spider may be seen taking in sail with great energy—that is, shortening the rope filaments that sustain the web structure. If the storm is to be unusually severe or of long duration, the ropes are strengthened as well as shortened, the better to resist the onset of the elements. Not until pleasant weather is again close at hand will the ropes be lengthened as before. On the contrary, when you see the spider running out the slender filaments, it is certain that calm, fine weather has set in, whose duration may be measured by their elongation.

Every 24 hours the spider makes some alteration in its web to suit the weather. If these changes are made toward evening, just before sunset, a fine clear night may be safely counted upon. When the spider sits quiet and dull in the middle of its web, rain is not far off. If it be active, however, and continues so during a shower, then it will be of brief duration, and sunshine will follow.

These various indications may be witnessed and studied to the best advantage in the open air. But you need not always go outdoors to watch the spider barometer. There are few houses where the crafty creature does not find an obscure corner wherein to swing its signboard, "Flies taken in and done for here." Watch these places, and when you see the spiders coming out on the walls more freely than usual you may be sure that rain is near.

There are individuals who would not keep a stock of spiders about their premises for the express purpose of prophesying the weather from their movements, and the enmity felt by the good housemaid for this particular species of animal is notorious. Those individuals can study the movements of their own domestic animals. Cats and dogs are given to scratching and other uneasy movements on the approach of rainy weather, and their fur looks less bright and glossy. Horses and cattle stretch their necks and sniff the air. Sheep become frolicsome or turn their backs to the wind and quarrel frequently. Goats bleat incessantly and leave the hilltops for more sheltered spots. Pigs run uneasily about, carrying straw to the sty, and no longer wallow in the mud and mire. Fowls huddle together in the farmyard with drooping wings, and the air is filled with the clamorous cackle of geese and ducks. Those who live in the country and spend much time in the open air have the advantage of observing the movements of wild animals and of feeling keenly in their own persons the operations of the changing atmospherical conditions. Moles become more active in digging, stoats and weasels become unusually restless and uneasy, and the hedgehog fortifies his cave against the coming storm with an unfailing provision which has earned for him a most enviable reputation as a weather prophet.

Wild birds make still better objects of observation, because in the "large air" their actions are easily noted. Crows and swallows remain near home when a tempest is brewing; sea gulls no longer venture out to sea, but hover over the fields or fly inland when wind and rain are near; swallows fly low and skim the water, and the robin broods melancholy in the bush or seeks the shelter of a neighboring roof. These are only a few of the many creatures of the fields and the air which enable a man who has eyes to see to forecast the weather during the next few hours. The explanation of all this is to be found in the exceeding sensitiveness of most animals, especially those which are more or less wild, to atmospherical conditions. They are all constantly making forecasts after their own manner, and, as we have hinted, they are far more trustworthy than any devices of man toward this end.

Several ingenious attempts have recently been made to turn this unfailing instinct to some commercial use. A number of very unique living barometers have been put upon the market. The cheapest, and the one which will probably become the most popular, is the frog barometer. A small green frog is found in Germany which always comes out of the water when cold or wet weather is approaching. These frogs are caught and kept in glass jars furnished with a tiny ladder and half filled with water. The frog weather prophet sits high and dry on the top of his ladder for several hours before a storm and climbs down to the bottom when the weather is to be fair and clear. Other remarkable weather prophets are leeches, and we have heard of a old meteorologist who adjusted his barometer in such a way that the leeches would ring a little bell whenever a storm was approaching and would remain silent when the weather was fair or setting fair. These creatures will also indicate the weather in the same way as the green frog referred to. If kept in a jar filled with water, they will climb up the sides when it is about to rain and gather round the top.—London Standard.

Misguided Leniency.

A man was up before the judge the other day for stealing coal. The railroad detective said that he caught the fellow in a coal car, but the man said he was only sleeping there because his wife had locked him out, and he had no money to go to a hotel. "Pretty hard bed, wasn't it?" asked the judge.

"Oh, no, sir," he answered; "it was soft coal." The judge was so struck by the joke that he let him go.—Buffalo Enquirer.

RICHARD III.

He Never Injured the Masses and Was Not Unpopular With Them.

If Richard be tried by the only proper standard, that of his own time, he will be found to be not more but less cruel and bloody than either his predecessors or those who came after him. The act which has especially blackened his memory is the mysterious removal or murder of the princes. Yet Clifford, backed by Margaret of Anjou, had killed in cold blood Richard's brother, the Earl of Ruthland, a boy of 16, while Henry VII imprisoned and executed the feeble minded Earl of Warwick, the son of Clarence. In mere numbers of executions, excluding, of course, on both sides those who were taken in open rebellion, Richard has much less to answer for than Queen Margaret or Henry VII and far less than Henry VIII, who put to death anybody who happened to be distasteful to him on political, personal or religious grounds. There was no public opinion in that day against putting to death any one who had played and lost in the great struggle of politics. Executions were a recognized part of the business. When the game went against a statesman in those days, as Mr. Speaker Reed once said, he did not cross the aisle and take his place as the leader of his majesty's opposition; he was sent to the tower and had his head cut off. Autres temps, autres mœurs.

At every turn of the wheel in the long struggle between the Lancastrians and the Yorkists the victorious party always executed every leader of the other side upon whom they could lay hands. Such were the rules of the society and such the politics in which Richard was brought up, and he played according to those rules and without excess, paying the final forfeit himself with undaunted courage.

Nothing is farther from the truth than the notion that Richard was unpopular with the masses of the people. He had never injured them, and they did not care how many nobles or princes he put to death.—Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge in Scribner's.

SANDBOX TREES.

The Gigantic Touch Me Nots of the Tropics Have Explosive Fruits.

Everybody is familiar with the "touch me [illegible]" the pretty jewel weed that gro[illegible] the side of water courses. [illegible]d pods are ripe, at the slig[illegible]hey will explode, blowin[illegible]our face. The giant [illegible] sandbox tree (Hur[illegible] of tropical Am[illegible]its are as lar[illegible] of Paris th[illegible] of the v[illegible]

[illegible]n ornacountry notably [illegible]es. Its [illegible]g like [illegible]that of our native euphorbias, of sections, which at maturity separate violently with so intense a report that it has been compared to the sound of a pistol, throwing its seed to a considerable distance.

"With the fruit a very pretty sandbox can be made by cutting a circular opening in the upper part, extracting the seeds and then covering the opening. The opposite side is perforated with little holes. A sandbox thus made is very difficult to keep, for the time always comes when, aided by the drying process, the sections suddenly split, with a characteristic sound.

"The violent splitting of the fruit of the sablier is explained very simply by a process analogous to that which causes the two halves of a split stick to curl apart and depends upon the unequal extensibility of the elements of the valves, which produces the mechanical effect due to it at the precise moment when the sutures, the lines of least resistance, are opened by the progress of desiccation."

A Dog as a Witness.

The dog refused to be sworn. It had a sort of Quakerlike simplicity and only affirmed, but its testimony was sufficient to decide a case in Justice Martin's courtroom.

The animal was a large, stately and intelligent Irish setter. After the human litigants had each told his tale, the dog took the witness stand.

"Now, who is your master?" said E. D. Loy, who had replevined the dog from Fred Enderlin, a South Side saloon keeper, on June 26.

The brute barked, sprang out of the witness chair and pawed at the feet of Loy. The animal then went through various performances at the bidding of Loy, including running across the street and back at his command. The dog would not act for the other litigant, and the court decided that he belonged to Loy. The animal was then released from the custody of Constable Rcebuck. He wagged his tail at the judge and left the courtroom with his master.—Chicago News.

How It Happened.

"And so you are engaged to Cholly Chubbins," said one girl.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How did he ever persuade you to marry him?"

"Oh, he hasn't persuaded me to marry him. You know that lovely solitaire ring he had?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wanted it to wear to a progressive euchre party."—Indianapolis Journal.

Matthew Buckinger, a German who many years ago exhibited himself in London, had neither arms nor legs, but nevertheless managed to write a good hand, very clear and round, by holding the pen between the stump of his right arm and his cheek.

It is a strange fact that the right hand, which is more sensible to the touch than the left, is less sensible than the latter to the effect of heat or cold.

THE INGLE NOOK AT HOME.

From this one nook the world is fenced away
By four low walls that bound the realm of home.
Here dwells content. Here love and peace hold sway.
Here pride and hate and malice never come.
And when the purring flames dispel the night
True friends are they that sit within the glow.
Kind eyes shine brighter in the flickering light,
And home's own voices, hushed to cadence low,
Speak—or are silent in a hush that speaks
Even as the fire upon the hearthstone sings—
Of home, the haven that each mortal seeks;
Of home, the goal of all our wanderings.
And hope's and memory's fairest visions come
To hover o'er the ingle nook at home.
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

SOME QUEER CUSTOMS.

Mining Camp Dishwashing and Tory Island Teamaking.

An old camper out once related to a horrified housekeeper his experience of dishwashing in a miners' camp. It did not take much time, though the company was numerous and the utensils of the kitchens were in constant use. The reason why it took but little time he sufficiently indicated by the statement that the cook pot was not cleaned till it became too small to hold a pudding of reasonable size. Then somebody got a hammer and knocked off the hardened accretions from its interior till it was restored nearly enough to its original capacity to render further service.

On Tory island, an out of the way bit of an Irish islet, and indeed to a less degree throughout Donegal, the natives are not much more dainty in their living, and their habit of letting the grounds remain indefinitely in their teapots has disastrous consequences.

"Every day and all day long," says a recent writer, "the teapot sits stewing in the embers of the hearth, and at each successive brew fresh tea is thrown in, but the old is never thrown out until the pot is choked." The result is an unusual and excessive rate of insanity. Little wonder, when a Tory island boy who was questioned as to his usual meals, could reply:

"Stirabout for breakafst and tay for dinner; tay, av coorse, at taytime and stirabout for supper, whiles we have tay for breakfast instead and stirabout for our dinner, and then another sup of tay before bedtime."

However, this diet, injurious as it is to the nerves, does not seem to affect the muscles. The Tory islanders are a robust and vigorous race, the men averaging 6 feet in height and the women unusually tall and strong. The women indeed have need of all their physical strength, since it is they who do the bulk of the outdoor work, while the men stay at home and spin and weave.

"At Anagry Strand on a Sunday morning," says the same observer, "one may witness a strange sight. At low tide more than a mile of roundabout is saved by wading across a narrow bay. The men include in their Sunday's wardrobe shoes and stockings. The women, by courtesy and custom, wear 'martyeens'—footless stockings, with a loop passing over the toe. Each good wife takes her good man upon her shoulders, and the heroes are conveyed across dry shod."—Youth's Companion.

Landing a Bulldog.

A Chicago man who had been trolling for muskellunge was returning across the fields to the farmhouse where he was stopping, when he met with a remarkable adventure. He thus relates it in the Chicago Times-Herald: "I hadn't gone far when I heard a savage growl behind me, and the next minute I was clambering into the branches of a convenient tree, with a big bulldog snapping at my heels. As I swung myself up out of reach I struck frantically at the brute with my trolling spoon. One of the heavy hooks caught him fairly in the nose, and in a moment he began pawing and thrashing about in a wild endeavor to get loose. It took an hour to land him. He would run out a couple of hundred feet, dive into the deep clover and sulk and growl. Then I would haul him in, hand over hand, with a hitch around a convenient limb. Whenever I slackened the line, away he would go again until I brought him up with a sharp turn. It was great sport. Talk about fishing! Landing a 20 pound muskellunge is tame and uninteresting when compared with landing a 30 pound bulldog. At the end of an hour he lay down at the foot of the tree, and I couldn't induce him to fight. I tied the line tightly about a limb, jumped down out of his reach and ran for the nearest fence. But there was no necessity for hurry—the dog staid. I told a farmer's boy I met shortly afterward where he could find his dog. I guess he deserved to keep my trolling outfit for recovering it."

Her Tribute to Lucy Stone.

Mrs. Mary E. Holmes, the faithful and efficient president of the Illinois Equal Suffrage association, has been obliged by domestic cares and duties to resign her official position. She will be greatly missed, but will continue to advise and plan for the cause. In a private letter she writes:

"If dear Lucy Stone was on the earth, I should explain to her first of all why I have resigned my state position. She was and is my inspiration and godmother in suffrage work. She was such a good wife and mother that I feel sure she would tell me to do my duty to the home before any other. I hope I can return to the work at some future time, but now heart and brain must be given to the home and home interests. I shall still do what little I can for our beloved cause and shall watch the battle with great interest."

Wholly Vindictive.

"It is shameful!" exclaimed the actress to whom the manager-star owed money. "But I will get even with him some time."

"What do you propose to do—sue him?"

"And give him the benefit of all that advertising? Never!" — Washington Star.

LONDON MADMEN.

Some of the Queer Characters That Haunt the City Streets.

There is scarcely a neighborhood in London which cannot boast of its local madman. Some strange or eccentric figure is to be found in every parish and in almost every important thoroughfare.

Marylebone has a religious maniac who is by profession a collector of rags and bones.

South Kensington a short time ago possessed two madmen—one who imagined himself to be Napoleon and walked slowly backward and forward, gravely saluting every one he met, and another who firmly believed himself to be Henry VIII. It is said that on one occasion he accosted a famous physician and instructed him to get him a divorce from Anne Boleyn. "If you can't manage it any other way," he said, "off with her head, off with her head!"

A man in Brompton would hail a cab and drive to a certain street in Chelsea. There he would wander up and down for hours looking in vain for a house which had been pulled to pieces nearly 20 years before. It had evidently been associated with some important crisis in his life's history, and his mind refused to dissociate itself from the spot.

At one time there came forth every evening from across Westminster bridge, walking along Whitehall to the Strand, a man wearing a long overcoat with a cape, a soft hat and leggings. He had a bunch of primroses or yellow flowers of some kind in his buttonhole and another in his hat. He carried a pipe and strode along with bent head and with one hand behind his back. He ignored every one, looked neither to the right nor the left and walked always at the same rate. Every now and then he would suddenly throw up his hands and shout in a deep voice, "Here's to the Jacobites all over England!" Then he would march on as before, and people who turned in alarm would see nothing but an eccentric looking figure, going steadily in the direction of the Strand. —Pearson's Magazine.

LINCOLN AT SCHOOL.

A Schoolmate of the President Tells of His Early Life.

Mr. George H. Yenowine contributes a paper on "The Birthplace of Lincoln" to St. Nicholas. Mr. Yenowine quotes the following from an old man named Austin Gollaher, who went to school with the emancipator: "Lincoln was an unusually bright boy, and he made good progress in his books—better than almost any one else in school—and he studied very hard, although he was young. He would get spice wood bushes and hack them up on a log and put a few of them in the fire at a time to make a light for him to read his books by. It did not make a very good light, but it was all he had at night. Young Lincoln was never good looking. He was angular and awkward. His mother was a rather slim woman of medium height. Tom Lincoln, his father, was tall. Abe was not very much like him, for Tom Lincoln had a fuller face and was of a heavier build."

In answer to a question as to Lincoln's brothers or sisters, the old man brightened up and said: "Oh, yes, he had a sister. Her name was Sally, and she was about my age. That was one reason why I thought so much of Abe. But when the Lincolns moved to Indiana I did not say goodby to either of them.

"I next heard of Lincoln several years afterward. It was said that he would make rails during the summer and thus earn money to go to school. Then I heard no more of Lincoln until he was nominated for president. I told the boys that no matter what happened I was going to vote for Abe. I said I was going to vote for him if it was the last act of my life, because I had played with him when a boy, and I was glad he had gone up in the world, and I did vote for him!" said the old man.

Not Full Yet.

The world is by no means full up yet. Queensland has still an area of 430,000,000 acres to a population of about 450,000 people. Its government has lately been offering more tempting conditions to settlers, who may now hold ordinary land for 20 years at a rental of threepence per acre, while "scrub land" may be selected in areas up to 10,000 acres and held for 30 years at an average rental per acre of very much less than a penny. This ought to be good news for many struggling for a bare living in the mother country. Of course the climatic conditions in many portions of the colony are trying, but so they are in western Australia, which at the present time is adding 750 per week to its population, and the revenue of which has been increasing at a rate far outstripping the calculations of its treasurer. But this may be only temporary, and it may be that Queensland will be the home of millions of our fellow countrymen after the golden age in the west of the colonial continent has passed away.—Westminster Gazette.

Ancient Wills.

The antiquity of legal methods is curiously illustrated by the recent discovery of the oldest will extant. This unique document was unearthed by Professor Petrie at Kahun, Egypt, and is at least 4,000 years old. In its phraseology the will is singularly modern in form, and it is said that it might be admitted to probate today.

The Amateur Performance.

She—Wasn't she natural in the sleeping scene?

Her Husband—Very. She couldn't have been more natural unless she snored. —Brooklyn Life.

Corks for bottles were first manufactured in Spain and Italy some time during the fourteenth century. Corkscrews were contemporaneous with corks.

The only fortress of consequence in Denmark is the capital, Copenhagen.

APART.

While sunset burns and stars are few
And roses scent the fading light,
And, like a slim urn, dripping dew,
A spirit carries through the night,
The pearl pale moon hangs new,
I think of you, of you.

While waters flow and soft winds woo
The golden hearted bud with sighs,
And, like a flower an angel threw
Out of the momentary skies,
A star falls, burning blue,
I dream of you, of you.
—Madison Cawein in New York Tribune.

A MARRIAGE SCHEME.

My scheme was that a marriage should be arranged between Uncle James and Miss Stubbs. Not that it was my business in the least, but that did not hinder me from interfering; nor that I thought the chief parties concerned were at all suited to each other—I never troubled my head about such minor details. I have always been fond of interfering with other people's affairs, not for their good at all, but simply for my own pleasure. I have the greatest sympathy with people who put their fingers into neighboring pies, provided they confess they do it for their own enjoyment and not for the advantage of the pies. Men do not kill foxes for food, but from love of sport. Women interfere with their neighbors for exactly the same reason. Put your fingers, dear ladies, into one another's pies, by all means, but remember that it is the finger, and not the pie, which derives pleasure from the operation. Having so much to see after in important matters, Providence seems sometimes in need of local agencies to manage minor affairs in remote country districts—at least so I thought in my young days—and I was more than ready to undertake the office of Providence's local agent. Therefore I decided that Uncle James should marry Miss Stubbs.

We met Miss Stubbs while we were traveling in Switzerland. She was a little, timid, washed out old maid. Her besetting sin was gentleness. She was too gentle for anything. Once when my brother Tom was a little boy he was naughty, and mother thought her wisest course lay in the proverbial soft answer. Tom bore mother's soft answers as long as he could, but he was but youthful flesh and blood after all, and naughty at that, so at last he exclaimed, "I wish, mother, you wouldn't be so silly and gentle!"

Miss Stubbs always made me recall that early remark of Tom's. She was so very "silly and gentle." Then she added to her gentleness gentility, which is also a trying virtue to onlookers. What with her gentleness and her gentility, she spoke so softly that one could only hear half that she said, and that half was by no means stimulating mental food. She had pale hair and pale eyelashes and pale ideas, but underneath all that the sweetest, most unselfish nature that woman ever possessed. At first I laughed at her, she seemed so dull and colorless, but as I grew to know her bet-

ter I discovered many virtues and so
lts in the faded little woman. She took a great fancy to me—because I was so young and strong and full of life, she said—and told me all her dreary history. Her parents were gentle people of good family, and late in life her father came into a small estate for which he had been waiting for years. But the estate was so greatly impoverished and so heavily incumbered that he was ruined by his succession to it, and he died of the disappointment, leaving his wife and only child with a miserable pittance, while the estate, which was strictly entailed, passed on to a distant cousin. Mrs. Stubbs survived her husband several years, but now she, too, was dead, and Miss Stubbs was as lonely as she was poor. There was something very pitiful to me about Miss Stubbs. She seemed to have missed all that makes life worth living, to have sat alone on the bank while the stream flowed by, and it has always seemed to me sadder to die of starvation on the bank than to be dashed to pieces by the current.

"My dear," she said to me one day when we had become intimate with each other, "don't say you want to see life—seeing is dreary work. I never wanted to see life—I wanted to live life. But I have never done either."

I took her thin little hand in mine and stroked it. "Were you unhappy when you were young?" I asked.

"Oh, no, not unhappy, my dear, but not happy either! I am not complaining, for every one was very kind to me and ready to give me little scraps of their lives to share, but no one seemed to realize that I wanted a life of my own."

"Poor Miss Stubbs!" I whispered.

"It is kind of you to be sorry for me, my dear Madge, but really I am not complaining. I have had a very peaceful lot compared with many women. But I have always had the feeling that there is such a great deal to be got out of life and that I have somehow missed it all. There is plenty going on somewhere, but I am always out of it."

"I think I know what you mean—it is dull to sit in the boxes when one wants to be on the stage."

"Exactly, and I have never even had the boxes. I have had to be content with the dress circle."

"But did you never fall in love?" I asked, with extreme boldness.

The pale blue eyes filled with tears.

"Yes, dear Madge. And I should like to tell you about it, only there is nothing to tell."

"Oh, please tell me as much as there is, even if there is nothing!" I coaxed illogically.

"If there were more to tell, I think I shouldn't mind so much," said Miss Stubbs sadly. "I'd rather have a sad story than none at all. As it is, I haven't even the right to be unhappy. That isn't, of course, equal to the right to be happy, which some fortunate women have, but it is better than nothing. Why, Madge, my youth is over, and I have nothing left to remember it by—not even a love letter. I think if I had had just one love letter, that I could keep always and read over and over again, I should be content, for then I should feel that I had one flower left out of the summer of life."

"But do tell me what happened?" I urged.

"Nothing happened. I once met some one whom I loved very much, and I think he loved me, but I am not even sure of that. I sometimes feel I'd give everything I have if I could only be sure of that, but I'm not. He was a young man who had his way to make in the world, and my dear father—as I have told you before—thought a great deal of our family and position and considered the man I loved was not good enough for me. So he just put a stop to our friendship."

"And you tamely submitted?"

"What else could I do? My dear father was a very stern man, and I dared not disobey him."

And as I gazed into the timid face I realized that poor Miss Stubbs had not needed much coercion to make her give up her day dream at her stern father's command.

"What was your lover like?" I asked.

"Oh, my dear, he was the handsomest man I ever saw, with such attractive manners!" she replied.

"Was he tall?" I asked. Being 5 foot 9 myself, I had a profound contempt for little men.

"Yes, dear, and such a fine figure—nice broad shoulders, you know, and a splendid carriage!"

I could not help wondering how a fine, handsome man could have fallen in love with such a colorless nonentity of a woman, but—as I have frequently noticed—there is no accounting for tastes.

I was filled with pity for poor Miss Stubbs. It seemed so sad to go through life without ever really living, as she had done, and thus it was that my great scheme occurred to me. What a good thing it would be if Uncle James would marry Miss Stubbs and so give her some comfort at the end of her life! I said comfort because I was afraid happiness was no longer possible to her. That had disappeared forever with the vanished fairy prince of her youth. But a comfortable old age is not a thing to be despised, and at present the little woman was poor and desolate. I felt that Uncle James was an inadequate substitute for the lost hero whom Miss Stubbs had described to me, but, on the other hand, what man with the smallest pretension to heroism would throw the handkerchief to a plain, frightened little spinster of an uncertain age?

Uncle James was mother's only brother. He was a worthy, middle aged bachelor, rather short and increasingly stout, and was the apotheosis of commonplace respectability. He possessed a kind heart and a dogmatic manner, and he lived chiefly at his club and thought a great deal too much about things to eat. Tom said that his highest feelings were aroused only by pork chops, but Tom was always rather severe on Uncle James. When my uncle didn't talk about the food at the club, he talked about shares and investments, so it was no wonder that Tom and I thought him rather an old bore, though we were always kind to him because he was a relative. This, then, was the victim I yearned to offer upon Miss Stubbs' shrine, and I divulged my scheme to mother.

Mother laughed. "I should be very glad for your uncle to marry," she said, "as it worries me to think of him all alone, especially when he is gouty. But how could you expect him, or any other man, to fall in love with that faded old maid?"

"Oh, I don't expect him to fall in love!" I replied. "He is far too old. But I should like to see Miss Stubbs comfortably settled, and I am sure she would be a good, peaceful little wife. Besides Uncle James isn't exactly the sort of person to win a beautiful princess for his bride."

"Poor James! And yet he had his beautiful princess once, like other men."

"Tell me about it, mother. You don't mean that that prosaic old uncle of mine was ever in love?"

"I do, though. He was dreadfully in love once, years and years ago. He used to tell me a lot about the girl, and how happy he would be if only he could win her, though he hardly dared to hope she would ever look at him. I never knew exactly what happened, but he wrote to me saying that the thing was finally at an end and begging me never to mention Annie Lorimer's name to him again. And I never have done so."

"What a pretty name! Was she pretty too?"

"I never saw her," replied mother, "but James used to say she was lovely—a dainty, exquisite, fairylike girl, as fragile as a bit of china, with golden hair and blue eyes and a lovely complexion. She danced beautifully and was just the type to attract James, who had always been accustomed to big, strong women." Mother is quite as tall as I am, and my grandmother was even taller.

"Poor Uncle James!" I said. "It is funny to imagine his caring for anything except pork chops and safe investments."

"He cared enough for Annie Lorimer five and twenty years ago," replied mother.

When our Swiss trip was over and we were settled at home again, I induced mother to invite Uncle James and Miss Stubbs to pay us a visit at the same time. She said it was an absurd arrangement and would lead to nothing, but she sent the invitations nevertheless. Father and mother always let me do as I like and have the things I want because I am the only daughter. Girls with a shoal of sisters don't get nearly as much of their own way as I do. People always think more of an odd cup and saucer than of a whole tea set, and yet I sometimes think it must be jollier to be one of a tea set, after all.

"You are too fond of acting as an amateur providence, Madge," mother said, "but I don't mind helping you this once."

Mother always says "this once" about kind things she has done every day in the past and will do every day in the future, but she seems to think that the expression protects her from the well founded charge of overindulgence.

So Uncle James and Miss Stubbs came to stay with us. My uncle arrived first, and as he sat with mother and me in the morning room he asked, "Is any one else staying with you, Jane?"

"Only Miss Stubbs," replied mother, "and she arrives this afternoon. We met her at Lucerne, you know."

"Oh, some girl that Madge took a great fancy to, isn't she?"

"I took a great fancy to her," I answered, "but she isn't a girl. She is quite old."

"What a nuisance!" said Uncle James in his sharp manner. "I hate old women, and old maids especially."

"You won't hate her, James," said mother soothingly. "She is so quiet and unobtrusive that you'll hardly know she is in the house." Then she smiled slyly at me, and I felt my matrimonial plans foredoomed to failure.

At that moment Miss Stubbs arrived, and mother and I ran into the hall to meet her. She looked as faded and washed out as ever, and as I followed her and mother into the morning room I sighed over the futility of my well meant scheme.

"Let me introduce my brother to you," mother began. "James, this is"—But before she could finish her sentence Uncle James jumped up and seized Miss Stubbs by both hands, crying: "Why, Annie, you don't mean to say that it is you, come back to me after all these years?" And there was a look on his face that the tenderest pork chops and the safest investments had never been able to call forth.

Miss Stubbs was quite flushed and trembling all over. "And it is really you, James? I never dreamed that I should see you again."

"This is Annie Lorimer, that I used to tell you about, Jane," explained Uncle James, turning to mother, but still keeping Miss Stubbs' hands in his. "But why on earth did you call her Miss Stubbs?"

Miss Stubbs answered for mother. "They only knew me as Miss Stubbs, James. When my father came into that estate, which proved such a disappointment to him, he had to give up the name of Lorimer and take that of Stubbs, and I suppose I never mentioned that my name had once been Lorimer."

As we all sat at tea together I meditated deeply on the romantic situation and thought how sad it must be to be parted from a fine, handsome man such as Miss Stubbs had described to me and from a golden haired fairy such as uncle used to talk about to mother, and then to meet them five and twenty years afterward, transformed into a fat old bachelor and a faded old maid. But my cup of amazement was full when I heard Uncle James say:

"What have you been doing to keep yourself so young, Annie? You hardly look a day older than when I last saw you."

And Miss Stubbs replied: "You a
are scarcely altered a bit, James. I should have known you anywhere."

This fairly knocked me over. It is absurd to say that love is blind. Love not only sees beauties and virtues no one else sees, but what it has once seen it sees always. It is very funny and interesting.

The next day I said to Miss Stubbs, "Whatever made you say Uncle James was tall when you described him to me?"

"Because he is tall. Don't you think your uncle is a very fine man, my dear?"

"I don't know. He always seemed rather short to me, somehow," I stammered awkwardly.

Miss Stubbs smiled. "To you, yes. But you are so exceptionally tall, you know."

Whereby I learned that height is, after all, only a question of proportion.

Not long after this Uncle James asked me in his sharp, masterful way: "What possessed you, Madge, when you told me that Annie was old? Why, she is no more old than I am."

I felt confused. "She seemed rather old to me, somehow," I stammered.

My uncle smiled. "You, yes. But you are so absurdly young, you know."

Whereby I learned that age also is a question of proportion.

On the day that Uncle James and Aunt Annie were married mother said to me, "I think that Providence helped my managing little girl with her plans this time."

"No, mother," I answered. "Providence took it out of my hands altogether and finished the business alone and did it a million times better than I could have imagined.

Mother smiled.

"You see," I continued, "my scheme was to bring two rather uninteresting, middle aged people together and insure a dull and comfortable old age for them, but Providence's plan was to reunite two true lovers who had waited for each other for a quarter of a century and make them young again and happy with the highest sort of happiness. The ways of Providence are better than our ways, after all. Aren't they, mother?"

"As the heavens are higher than the earth," said mother softly.—Woman at Home.

Easily Done.

He had been criticising her cooking, and she had grown weary of it all.

"It's always the men who don't know anything about cooking and the troubles and trials and woes of the kitchen who find the most fault," she said bitterly.

"Who says I don't know anything about cooking?" he demanded.

"If you do, you have taken precious good pains to conceal the fact ever since we were married," she retorted. "I don't believe you could tell a fresh egg from one that was hard boiled."

"That is simple," he replied with a sneer.

"How would you do it?"

"Break 'em both."—Chicago Post.

Gibraltar is 3,150 miles southeast of Washington.

THE HOMING PIGEON.

INTERESTING POINTS GLEANED FROM THE BREEDER AND TRAINER.

Authorities Disagree on the Question of Instinct—The Best Birds Are Those Which Are Carefully Bred and Faithfully Trained.

The peculiar faculty that enables a pigeon to return to its home from great distances is a point about which authorities disagree. The theory which is most widely accepted is that the bird is gifted with remarkable eyesight and with a memory for landmarks superior to that of any other creature. The former theory that the birds were guided exclusively by instinct seems disproved by the frequency with which even the best trained and highest bred homers have been lost in fogs. During the poultry show, when several of the pigeon fanciers were interviewed on the rearing and training of homing pigeons, one of varied experience said:

"Instinct is unerring, and the fact that the homing pigeon not only frequently errs, but at times shows great indecision as to the route it will take, proves conclusively that it is not governed entirely by instinct. There is no doubt that the birds possess a high order of intelligence, which is often shown when they become lost in a race by their return to the room in which they have been kept at the starting point.

"The color of a pigeon does not signify, but the rule in breeding is to cross the colors when practicable. In selecting homers for racing even the best fanciers are often mistaken and select birds that cannot fly 25 miles without being lost. Often the meanest looking bird, apparently without a good point, leaves its handsome rival behind. Still, there are four points always considered in selecting and breeding homing pigeons for racing purposes. These points are the eyes, the size of the head, the width of the chest and the length of the tail and wings."

In speaking of the eye, one successful fancier has this to say: "The white eye may mean cumulet, and, if so, indicates that the bird will fly high and have great endurance and wing power. If the eye is dark, the head round and the beak short and close fitting, there will be a preponderance of the owl type, and this bird will in all probability fly later at night than any other type. But, whatever the color, the ball must extend beyond the line of the head and be so placed that the bird should have a view of what is behind it as well as what is before. When a bird returns from a journey over much new territory, this protrusion of the eyeball is greatly increased, indicating to what a great strain the powers of vision have been subjected."

To the second point, the size and ape of the head, very little attention paid by American fanciers, though the reposts look upon it as of prime importance. It is generally conceded by Americans that the shape makes very little difference. The skull may be flat, long and narrow or high, short and wide, but it must have room for the brain, and for a large brain at that, otherwise the bird is not considered for racing honors. Particular stress is laid on this feature in Belgium and Holland.

The shape and size of the chest are of great importance. It should be full and broad. A narrow chested bird can fly no great distance without exerting the muscles which give fullness to the breast beyond their endurance. The wings and tail should be exceptionally long, as the tail acts as a rudder, and the shorter wings require much added exertion for the same amount of flying. There are some fanciers who contend that the first hatching of the season are not to be preferred for racing, but the majority pay no attention to that.

But even the best bred homers have to be trained carefully and intelligently before they are entered in races. While the physique of the average bird is well developed at the age of ten weeks, it is generally considered best to give a much longer time for the brain to develop before the bird is trained for work. Usually at the age of 4 months the first trial trip is made. He is then flown from distances between 2 and 70 miles at intervals of two or three days. Many excellent birds are lost in these trial trips, and those who return after a reasonable time are considered fit to be entered in the young birds' races. The shortest of these races is 100 miles, and birds are not supposed to have been flown more than 90 miles before taking part in these speed trials.

This system of training is supposed to accomplish two widely different results for the young bird. In the first place, it teaches them to return to their lofts, and, in the second, they develop the muscles and prepare them for the hard work which the races will require of them. For the old birds these training trips are made with the sole view of getting their muscles limbered up again and toughened for the longer races.—New York Sun.

Well Paid Bullfighters.

Bullfighters in Spain make greater profits than even opera singers in America if the figures given by El Gaulois are correct. That paper reports the earnings for last year of some of the leading artists of the bull ring as follows: Guerrita, for 68 appearances, 306,000 francs; Reverte, for 38, 143,500 francs; Mazzantini, for 29, 131,000 francs; Bombita, 129,000 francs; Algabigno, 115,000 francs. Counting the value of the bulls and the cost of transportation, it is estimated that Spain spends annually 5,000,000 francs on bullfights. The matadores, of whom there are 23, killed 1,218 bulls last year.

The Opener.

Fuddy—So Bender made the opening remarks at the dinner last night. Do you remember what he said?

Duddy—The opening remarks? Oh, yes. He said, "Who's got a corkscrew?"—Boston Transcript.

SOME COLD WEATHER.

Stories Which Some Army Officers Tell About the Northwest.

"No, I didn't," protested the lieutenant at the Army and Navy club.

"Didn't what?" inquired a captain.

"Why, these fellows here say I said the cold was so intense out in the northwest one winter that I saw the candle flames freeze stiff, and the farmers sold them for strawberries."

"Didn't you say it?" inquired the captain kindly.

"No, sir; I did not."

"Then I'll say it for you, sir. It happened when I was out there 20 years ago, and then again when I was there three years ago. That same winter one of my men was frozen to death in a peculiar manner. I was going to send him ten miles to the railroad station, and, the day being sharper than usual, I gave him a big drink of some whisky I had in my tent. He took a tremendous long dram and started away. A half hour later I remembered it was St. Louis whisky, and at once feared the worst and sent our surgeon after him. But, alas, it was too late. A post mortem examination showed that the whisky was frozen solid, thus causing death.

"How sad!" sighed a retired colonel, who had had years of experience in the northwest, wiping his eyes. "I almost had an even more dire disaster than that happen to my whole force on one occasion. I was a lieutenant at the time and was out with ten men on a scouting expedition in January. We were on the way back and had reached a point not far from the post where some planks had been piled up with which to build a shack as soon as spring opened. We were not more than 30 miles from the post and went into camp so as to get a good early start in the morning and reach home before dark. We used the planks for extra shelter, because it was bitter cold and getting colder every minute, with indications of a blizzard. At the first streak of day the wind was blowing a gale, and by the time it was light there was a hurricane, and the boards were flying every which way. Tents couldn't stand it at all and had gone long ago, and it looked very much as if the whole squad would be frozen right there. If we could have built a hut of the boards, we might have stood a chance. But there wasn't a nail within 20 miles of us, and the only hammers we had were our bayonets. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention, and during a lull in the storm I noticed some sharp little icicles on some roots under a sheltered bank a foot or so above the little stream that ran by. At once I got one of them, and, taking the hilt of my sword for a hammer, I found I could drive it into the plank.

"'Saved!' I yelled, and at once gave the command for all hands to hustle those planks together while the lull lasted and to gather in all the icicles obtainable and nail the boards up with them. The men thought I was crazy for a minute, but only for a minute, and then, with a hurrah, they went for planks, icicles and bayonets, and in 15 or 20 minutes we had nailed together a shack three or four feet high, so the wind couldn't strike it so hard, and wide enough for all of us. We got into it just in time, for presently the storm came again, and it was something terrific. Twenty-four hours later it seemed quiet outside, and I made an investigation and discovered that we were under about six feet of snow, but were all right, as the wind had fallen and the sky was clear, though it was intensely cold. We got out at once, and, after a terrific day's march, we reached the post. Four weeks later I went back to our camp—Salvation camp, we called it—and found that those icicles were still frozen so hard that they held the shack together fully as well as nails of the same size would have done."

Nobody after that said a word—words seemed so inadequate.—Washington Star.

Trying It on the Typewriter.

A young Chicago matron who presides over a charming home on the North Side told me a characteristic story about Joseph Jefferson which deserves to be embalmed in print.

"Several years ago," said she, "when Mr. Jefferson was preparing his autobiography, he was obliged to do a great deal of the work while on tour. A publishing house with which I was connected at one time recommended me to him as an amanuensis who had considerable experience in the preparation of manuscript for publication and I joined the actor in St. Louis.

"Mr. Jefferson would spend several hours every night after the play in making notes of what he wanted to say. The next afternoon he would dictate to me. Usually he would ring in a great collection of memoranda jotted down on envelopes and scraps of paper, and sometimes he would appear with a newspaper whose margins would be literally covered with queer figures and hen tracks. Walking up and down the floor, he would dictate to me slowly in that cracked Rip Van Winkle voice of his, and I could follow him easily on the typewriter.

"One day, when we met as usual for work at the Southern hotel, he seemed to have prepared more elaborate notes than usual, and instead of walking about the room he sat down quite a distance away from me and began to dictate the chapter treating of his closing Australian experiences. There was a pathetic quiver in his voice as he spoke of the many happy days he had spent in that faraway land, among comparative strangers, and added that he hoped his book would come to them as a sort of handclasp between friends who would never meet again in this life.

"It was very affecting. My eyes grew misty, and I had to stop writing. Suddenly I felt a kindly hand on my head, and Mr. Jefferson's voice said: 'That's what I wanted. Cry all you want to, my girl. I cried myself last night when I wrote that, but I was afraid no one else would. I guess it will do.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Grant and the Dying Soldier.

In The Century General Horace Porter relates the following story in his "Campaigning With Grant." The incident occurred during the attack on what is now called "Hell's Half Acre," near Massaponax Church: General Grant had ridden over to the right to watch the progress of this attack. While he was passing a spot near the roadside where there were a number of wounded, one of them, who was lying close to the roadside, seemed to attract his special notice. The man's face was beardless; he was evidently young; his countenance was strikingly handsome, and there was something in his appealing look which could not fail to engage attention, even in the full tide of battle. The blood was flowing from a wound in his breast, the froth about his mouth was tinged with red, and his wandering, staring eyes gave unmistakable evidence of approaching death. Just then a young staff officer dashed by at a full gallop, and as his horse's hoofs struck a puddle in the road a mass of black mud was splashed in the wounded man's face. He gave a piteous look, as much as to say, "Couldn't you let me die in peace and not add to my sufferings?"

The general, whose eyes were at that moment turned upon the youth, was visibly affected. He reined in his horse, and seeing from a motion he made that he was intending to dismount to bestow some care upon the young man I sprang from my horse, ran to the side of the soldier, wiped his face with my handkerchief, spoke to him and examined his wound, but in a few minutes the unmistakable death rattle was heard, and I found that he had breathed his last. I said to the general, who was watching the scene intently, "The poor fellow is dead," remounted my horse, and the party rode on. The chief had turned round twice to look after the officer who had splashed the mud and who had passed rapidly on, as if he wished to take him to task for his carelessness. There was a painfully sad look upon the general's face, and he did not speak for some time. While always keenly sensitive to the sufferings of the wounded, this pitiful sight seemed to affect him more than usual.

Woman's Courage and Devotion.

The philosopher had been considering the matter for several minutes. It is the custom of the philosopher to give at least three minutes' consideration to his most thoughtful utterances, and in doing this he gives about two minutes more than the average man who likes to be thought a philosopher.

"It must be evident to every thoughtful person," he said at last, "that woman is really the mainstay of religion."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the man in the clerical coat, suddenly straightening up, "I don't believe I quite follow you."

"I was saying," explained the philosopher, "that woman really does more for religion, shows more earnestness and makes greater sacrifices than man does. She is more courageous and is ever ready to endure more."

"Without desiring to detract in any way from the credit that is due to woman," said the man in the clerical coat rather stiffly, "I must say that I would be glad to learn where you get the facts upon which you base such an assertion. Women have done much in the missionary field, they have ably assisted in spreading the gospel, but men have been at the head of every such movement and have directed and led it. Furthermore, it is man who occupies the pulpit and teaches the gospel; it is man who gives his life up to the church; it is"—

"That's just it," interrupted the philosopher. "I was about to call attention to that in proof of my assertion. In view of all that is expected and all that has to be endured, in view of the crosses and worries and snubs that must be received with smiles, you surely must admit that it requires a nobler spirit and more courage and self sacrifice to marry a minister than to be one."

The man in the clerical coat started to say something, but he thought better of it. When one has the losing end of an argument it is better to let go of it than it is to try to hang on.—Chicago Post.

An Odd Incident.

A curious incident happened one Sunday to a lady in a neighboring village.

The husband of a Mrs. Lewis is the superintendent of the Sunday school in the little town, and it has been her habit to call at the school at about the hour of closing to walk home with him. On the day mentioned, as she was approaching the church, one of the pupils said to her, "Hurry up, or you will be too late," but did not mention what she might be too late for.

At the door she met another little girl, who said: "Oh, hurry, Mrs. Lewis! You are just in time."

As she entered the room a minister, in his clerical robes, stepped in front of the prayer desk and said:

"Let the candidates for matrimony come forward."

To the astonishment of Mrs. Lewis, her husband and one of the young lady teachers responded to the invitation, and here is a point where the novelist could put in some dramatic work. Mrs. Lewis might have screamed, fainted or have done anything startling, but, horrified as she was for the moment, her judgment told her that there must be some reasonable excuse for the apparently inexcusable situation, and there was.

More deliberately, and with considerable embarrassment, a couple no longer young came forward to be married. They had come from a distance, without any friends attending them, and had been directed to the Sunday school to find a minister.

The other couple had been requested to act as witnesses. Mrs. Lewis says she could not have suffered more for the moment had her husband really deserted her, for, to all appearances, he had done so.—New York Tribune.

LOVE WHICH ASSAILS.

Love, which assails us oft
At glance or word,
Strikes home so quick, so soft,
It is not seen or heard.
Yet shall the heart until its dying day
Bear token of the gentle despot's sway.

Love has a smiling mien,
Yet is he stern.
His bolt is shot unseen.
The heart it cleaves shall burn
And long and wait, and wait and long again
For love to cure where love has given pain.

Love for its conquest needs
A day, an hour.
The stricken heart still bleeds—
Such is love's power—
While year on year shall in procession glide,
Still seeking love and scorning all beside.

Love's cruelties we know
All we who live,
Yet seek for nothing so
As that the god may give
To us his pleasure, pain and honey gall,
Lacking which gifts we lack life's best of all.
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

EFFECTS OF TEA SMOKING.

Physicians Alarmed at the Growth of the Habit Among Women.

Physicians and specialists on nervous troubles are treating numerous cases of extreme insomnia and nervousness in young women without disclosing to them that their condition is the result of practicing the new vice of smoking tea cigarettes. The habit is increasing. From observations of its effects a west side physician declares that "a tea cigarette is a genuine brain excitant. Any one who uses it and yet does not work with her brain would go half crazy with nervousness, but with those who do brain work it is different, for the stimulus produces strange intellectual activity.

"After a couple of green tea cigarettes a poem, for instance, will almost write itself, I am told by one of my literary patients. The effect of the tea cigarette, while stimulating to the brain and its flow of thought, acts as a pure sedative to the rest of the body, quieting restlessness, uneasiness or actual pain. The after effects are bad if they have not been worked off by unusual mental work.

"At some houses green tea cigarettes are handed around after dinner, and I know three actresses of considerable reputation who give tea smoking parties twice a week. One woman, to break off this habit, on which she has expended nearly $10 a week, has lately voluntarily placed herself under private restraint. She had concealed her habit from her husband by using an artfully contrived cigarette case. It resembled a bunch of keys, each key containing one cigarette.

"So much has the habit spread that several tobacconists and druggists are keeping tea cigarettes in stock for regular customers. The active chemical preparation of tea is theine, just as caffeine is of coffee and nicotine of tobacco. When theine is administered to a frog or a small animal, it is found that it chiefly influences sensations which caffeine or coffee does not. In larger doses theine produces spontaneous spasms or convulsions, which caffeine does not. This is, in fact, the ultimate effect of smoking numerous tea cigarettes, finally producing fits or convulsions.

"Theine also acts as a local anesthetic, quieting painful nerves. Green tea contains much more theine than ordinary black tea. So you see that the habit of smoking tea cigarettes is terribly pernicious."—New York Press.

Necessity the Mother of Invention.

"If a man keeps his eyes open, he sees many a funny thing while riding on street cars," said a regular patron of the Peters avenue line. "If you will take a ride on this line some dark night, frequently ahead of the car you'll see a light waved across the track, and if you watch closely you will see the motorman begin applying the brakes, and the car will stop, and a smiling colored gentleman will board the car and laughingly say that he got this car to stop for him. I found, upon asking a conductor one day, that the negroes in this part of the town have caught on to the fact that as that part of the city is black at night the motormen of the swift moving cars cannot detect their presence on the track in sufficient time to stop their cars for them, so they, figuratively, 'hang out a light for the . to stop,' and it seems to work both to the satisfaction of the colored population and the motormen on the cars." Necessity is the mother of invention, and it seems our colored brother has hit upon a scheme to offset the lack of lights on those streets back of town traversed by electric cars.—New Orleans Picayune.

X Rays and Diamonds.

One excellent use to which the new X rays can be put should interest women. It seems that by their aid one can readily determine whether diamonds are real or false, for the rays pass quite through real diamonds, leaving them transparent, and not at all through false ones. A real parure when photographed would show only the mounting, but in a false one all the stones would turn out black. Strangely enough, the X rays will not penetrate glass. Eyeglasses, if photographed, come out black. This proved useful in the case of a Vienna glassworker who got a bit of glass into his finger. By the aid of the rays it was discovered, extracted and the workman cured.—St. James Gazette.

Been a Boy Himself.

Practical Father—I want to buy a watch for my boy—the cheapest you have.

Honest Dealer—I'm afraid I can't warrant the cheap ones to keep very good time.

Practical Father—Oh, that doesn't matter. Just make it so he can open the back of the case.—Strand Magazine.

Invited to Call.

He—I suppose that sap headed dude has proposed to you a dozen times.

She—No. Once was enough. Come and see us when we get settled.—Detroit Free Press.

THE NAME CAME BACK.

And For Awhile the Doctor Could Not See the Humor of It.

It is a familiar contention among psychologists that an incident once thoroughly presented to the human mind cannot be effaced from the memory. In this connection Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the well known missionary to Turkey and the founder of Robert college, Constantinople, is reported by the Washington Star as telling a humorous story.

Among Dr. Hamlin's friends and substantial helpers was a Philadelphia gentleman, whose name could not be recalled by the doctor, who was then in Turkey. Every incident connected with their interviews, even to the street and number of the house in which his benefactor had lived, was as plain to the doctor as if the events had occurred but yesterday, but to save his life he could not think of the gentleman's name.

As time went on this failure of memory caused him serious annoyance, and he adopted all sorts of expedients to bring back the name. He would take the letters of the alphabet one at a time and think over all the surnames he had ever heard, but to no avail. Then in his imagination he would start down the street where his friend had lived, enter the house, go through the ceremony of introduction and repeat word for word, as nearly as he could remember it, the conversation which had taken place between them, but still he could not recall the name.

When, after 30 years, he returned to his native land on a visit, he took the trouble to go to Philadelphia, in order to settle the question which had been puzzling him so long. He visited the house, but found only strangers, who could tell him nothing of the people who had lived there so many years before. So finally Dr. Hamlin abandoned the search, thinking that here at last was a case where something had been thoroughly presented to the human mind, and as thoroughly effaced.

One night, after he had returned permanently to this country, he attended a large dinner where were several distinguished psychologists. During the evening the conversation turned upon the subject of memory, and the well known scientific principle was discussed. This was too good an opportunity to be lost, and Dr. Hamlin proceeded to relate his experience at length, as an example of the opposite kind.

He was, of course, listened to with great interest, and as he approached the end of his story he said, with great impressiveness:

"Gentlemen, there was an incident presented to my mind more than 40 years ago, and I have not been able to think of the name of Captain Robinson from that day to this."

When his climax was greeted by a hearty burst of laughter, the worthy doctor looked round in great astonishment, for he thought he had told a pretty good story and could see nothing in it to provoke mirth. It was some time before the truth of the matter dawned upon him.

Rock Pictures In Oregon.

W. B. Whittemore while in Alturas, Or., recently discovered some remarkable hieroglyphics about 15 miles northeast from the north end of Warner valley on the edge of what is locally known as the "desert" in Lake county. Mr. Whittemore says the hieroglyphics had been cut with a sharp instrument in the surface of the hard basaltic rock. They cover the face of the bluff for a distance of about three miles and consist of pictures of Indians with bows, arrows and spears, besides deer, antelope, dogs and wolves, geese, ducks, swans and reptiles of various kinds. Intermingled with these animals are characters which, of course, he could not decipher. He says that the execution of the pictures was very good, and he is satisfied that it could not have been the work of ordinary Indians. Throughout the entire distance the characters and pictures are in rows.

The Indians of the vicinity have no knowledge of the meaning of the hieroglyphics or of the people who ages ago chiseled them on the surface of the rocks. From the description given, the picture writing bears a close resemblance to that found in Mexico and Central America. If this supposition is true, a careful study might reveal to the archæologist some insight into the origin or wanderings of a dead and forgotten civilization.—Cor. San Francisco Call.

It Was Lucky.

"Harry," she said reproachfully.

"Well?" he returned apprehensively, for there was that in her tone that made him fear the worst.

"It is evident from your breath," she went on, "that you have been drinking."

"Well?" he said again for want of something better to say.

"When a mere girl," she explained regretfully, "I made a solemn vow that lips that touched wine should never touch mine."

"Oh, is that all?" he said with evident relief. "If you were a little more conversant with the price of things in that line and with the details of my salary, you wouldn't hesitate a moment on account of that vow. But it's mighty lucky that you didn't include anything but wine in it."—Chicago Post

Cost of Expert Testimony.

A movement is on foot in New York to do away with or in some way regulate the taking of expert testimony in court trials. The question of expense is a serious one, this feature of the Marie Barberi trial having cost $10,000, while $62,000 was expended in the trial of Dr. Meyer, the poisoner, a year or two ago. As high as $300 a day has been charged by medical experts.

Beethoven could play from memory all the preludes and fugues contained in Bach's "Well Tempered Clavichord." There are 48 preludes and the same number of fugues, and, as each is in the most abstruse style of counterpoint, the difficulty of this performance will be appreciated by every musician.

A MUSICAL MONKEY.

Also a Trapeze Performer and a Fighter Domesticated In Gotham.

Albert Anderson, who lives in Harlem, has a monkey named Billy. The monkey has a room 10 by 12 which is fitted with all sorts of acrobatic apparatus likely to be enjoyed by a small but healthy tree climber. In one corner of the room is a bed, and in another are two dumbbells made fast with chains, because the monkey throws things when its temper is ruffled.

The monkey is so fond of music that when Albert Anderson, Jr., plays the harmonicon in its hearing, no matter if it be eating or rollicking, the monkey stops, and, keeping time to the music, sways back and forth from its hips, its eyes wide open and its face expressing great joy. Young Albert gave Billy a mouth organ one day, and Billy screamed with delight. The monkey put the instrument to its mouth and blew hard. A discord followed instead of the tune which the monkey plainly expected, and it thereupon held the harmonicon at arm's length to look at. It blew the instrument again and again, each time looking at it as if to make out what the trouble was. At last Billy threw the harmonicon across the room, chattering in anger. Albert played a waltz on his instrument and Billy grew less excited, but would not touch a harmonicon again.

A week later the boy got a music box for the monkey. After showing Billy how to turn the crank the boy left the box on the floor. The monkey looked at it, turned the box upside down, shook it, and then, taking hold of the handle, began to turn it slowly. The music came, and the monkey began to dance, first on one foot and then on the other, whining with delight. It is only after the removal of the box that Billy can be made to exercise on the bars and swing enough to keep in health.

Billy does not weigh more than two pounds, but every grain of those two pounds is full of grit when it comes to a fight. Sam, the house cat, a big gray brute, scarred in street fights with wandering tramp cats, got into Billy's room one day, and the monkey's lips curled. The cat looked up at the monkey, which was on a trapeze bar, and licked its chops. Billy apparently knew what that meant and dropped down part way to the floor. The cat jumped, but Billy did the giant swing, and the cat missed. Before the cat had got to the floor again Billy was on it, and in two minutes the cat was leaping over bars and swings, yowling with pain. Sam never visited Billy again.—New York Sun.

Puppy Dog Dinners.

Chow dog, in the way of Chinese diet, is so great a delicacy that to leave it out of an official dinner in China would be as great a crime as leaving out whitebait or asparagus in May on similar occasions in this country. At Canton rows of dogs, skinned, dressed and ready for cooking, are hung up in lines on the stalls in the market place. The poor chow, when thus he contributes to the delicacies of the heathen Chinee's table, must not have outgrown the tender stage of puppydom. When he is 2 months old and his little carcass weighs two pounds, he is at his best, and once he has managed to escape his doom till he is 6 months old he has a chance of living to a patriarchal age, for after that time his "flavor" is not, from the epicurean point of view, what it ought to be.

From the non-Celestial point of view the chow pup is far too amusing and handsome a little customer to be sacrificed on the same altar on which are laid shark fins, duck tongues and swallow nests. The baby chow in appearance is like a tiny bear cub. The lower 10,000 of China—or rather the lower 10,000,000—who cannot afford a dinner of chow, philosophically eat rats instead, deeming them a very passable and palatable substitute for the coveted puppy dog.—San Francisco Call.

Faithful to His Captain.

That was a loyal if not very gentle answer once made by a private soldier to Frederick the Great of Prussia, as the story is told in Harper's Round Table:

During a campaign in Silesia the king made it his habit to stroll through his camp in disguise at night, to come into closer relations with his soldiers. One night he was stopped by a sentry, but, giving the proper password, was permitted to proceed. Instead of doing so, however, he endeavored to tempt the sentry into accepting a cigar, saying that a smoke would solace his long watch.

"It is against the rules," said the soldier.

"But you have my permission," said Frederick.

"Your permission!" cried the soldier. "And who are you?"

"I am the king."

"The king be hanged!" said the incorruptible sentry. "What would my captain say?"

High Priced Proofreader.

The chief proofreader of the London Times is a Cambridge graduate, who has a salary of £1,000, or $5,000; but, then, he is a great scholar, not only in the English language, but in all ancient and other tongues, not excepting Asiatic ones. He is permitted to query and suggest excisions or additions to the work of writers and editors.

Half Priced.

"What was that fracas up at the opera house last night?" asked Bonaparte.

"Oh, nothing much!" said Shakespeare. "Captain Kidd had to be ejected, that's all. He insisted upon coming in at half price because, he said, he was a Kidd."—Harper's Bazar.

The strongest fortress in European Russia is Cronstadt. It is the Russian naval depot of the Baltic sea.

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WHAT A CHILD WANTS TO BE

Girls Desire to Teach, Boys to Handle Tools, When Grown Up.

Children in their early teens have strange ambitions. From 2,500 replies to the question, "What would you like to do or be when you grow up?" it is recorded in the annual report of the department of instruction in New York that among the girls 38 per cent wanted to be teachers, 24 per cent milliners, 11 per cent clerks and stenographers, 3 per cent housekeepers; storekeepers, nurses and servants, each 2 per cent; artists, 1 per cent; then follow missionaries, musicians, factory hands and those who hope to be wives and mothers, each about three-fourths of 1 per cent. It is indeed a poor showing for the desire for motherhood. What is wrong with our schooling system that most young girls make up their minds that they would like to be teachers, and that only three-fourths of 1 per cent of them express any interest in being a wife and mother?

Among the boys who were questioned the most popular occupations related to the trades. Fourteen per cent had this preference. Next in frequency came the desire to be merchants, 12 per cent; then clerks, 7 per cent; then farmers, 6 per cent; doctors, about 5 per cent; lawyers, about 5 per cent; engineers, nearly 4 per cent; teachers and soldiers, each 3 per cent; railroad men and sailors, each 2½ per cent; business, 2 per cent. The rest named 35 different occupations. It was noticed that the boys thought that an occupation that dealt with tools, plants or animals meant something that conferred power over one's fellows. Only in boys about 7 years old was there a large preference for such occupations as that of policeman, fireman or railroad man. As he grows older the average boy modifies his desire for the perilous, until at 14 he wants to be a bank clerk. There is one interesting exception to this. The ambition to be a sailor appears at 7 and increases slowly, culminating at 14.

Here is the composition of a boy of 14, parents American, his father a laborer: "When I am a man, I will go to sea and be a sailor on the stormy ocean. Then I can see strange and foreign lands and places, where no man but the sailor can go. * * * I can go among the icebergs of the antarctic region, and I can spend a nightly winter in some arctic country. The dark continent holds many joys for the sailor. He can hunt and have adventures without other cost than walking into them. Because I speak in such glowing terms of the sailor does not say that I think he has no discomforts, for what kind of life does not have its full share of the dangers and discomforts? The millionaire frets about the fact that some bank will go under. * * * Even the poorest laborer frets, fearing he and his family will starve to death when he has no work. And now, hurrah for the sailor!"

And here is a little end of the century old maid of 9, of English and American parentage, whose father is a mild minister of the gospel: "I want to marry a man that doesn't smoke, because I don't like the smell of smoke. I want to teach school where they will let me spank the children. For children knead disciplin. I want to wear bloomers all the time. I want to wear a cutaway suit. Because it looks nice with bloomers. I will wear russet shoes and brown stockings. I want to have my hair cut short. Because it will be coler."—New York Press.

THE EVANGELISTS.

Perhaps It Is For the Best That None of the Original Gospels Exists.

Some of our readers there may be who find it difficult to understand why, since God has revealed to us his will in a book, or rather in a library of inspired books, as the Bible truly is, he has not at the same time given us an infallible text. How much labor would have been saved had we possessed the autographs of four evangelists! To this we answer that, had one such autograph existed, some branch of the Christian church—possibly every branch, ourselves included—would have made an idol of the writer's parchment while neglecting its teaching altogether. We can only seek to comprehend the ways of Providence in one sphere by observing them in another. Man is the heir of all things, yet he is sent into the world to depend for food, clothing and all the comforts and adornments of life on his wits. How greatly is he thereby differentiated from the brutes! How immeasurably is the educated man, and especially the scientific investigator, raised above the savage simply as the result of his own efforts!

Is it not possible that he who gave the word of life designs to quicken our interest in it by arousing afresh in each successive generation of Christians the desire to approach nearer to its sources, to remove the undergrowth of legend and tradition which has sometimes obstructed its free course, and that we are saved from the danger of finding it trite by the feeling that we possess a divine treasure which, though a gift, is not entirely independent of our own exertions for the measure in which it shall minister to our edification?—Agnes Smith Lewis in Century.

Plucking Fowls.

Plucking fowls may be easily and quickly accomplished in this way: As soon as the bird is dead immerse it in a pail of very hot water, the water to cover all the feathers. One minute is usually long enough to keep the fowl under hot water. Too long soaking is liable to discolor the skin. After this hot bath the feathers are so loosened that they can be almost rubbed off. The bird is then rinsed in cold water and wiped with a soft cloth. It should then be put into a cotton bag kept for this purpose and hung in a cool place. When fowls are not to be used at once, they should always be loosely rolled in cloth or paper to keep them from turning dark. Ducks cannot be managed in this way, as their feathers contain so much oil that the water does not penetrate them.—New York Sun.

Society Directory

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Meets the Second and Fourth Sunday each month in St. Patrick's hall, Lemont, at 3 p.m.

Good Advice to "Old Subscriber."

Once again I am compelled to impress upon my correspondents the necessity of brevity in their communications. For the benefit of those who may have a difficulty in condensing their observations I would suggest among other things the omission of preliminary flourishes.

It is gratifying to me to hear from every correspondent that he (or she) has been a diligent reader of Truth since its first number, that he regards it as the most valuable and influential of papers, that he has implicit confidence in my intelligence, judgment, sense of justice and desire to do the right thing, and that he comes to me with every expectation, etc., but with incessant repetition even this sort of flattery is apt to lose its flavor.

I reckon that if all the compliments were taken out of my letter box my daily reading would be shortened by at least two hours, which is the same thing as if one whole day per fortnight were added to my life. How many days, then, must be wasted in writing these compliments? For all our sakes, I beseech my correspondents to come to the point at once, and when they have stated it to sign their names and make way for somebody else.—London Truth.

Double Quick.

An ancient resident of Willowby, whose conduct in one of the battles of the civil war had brought him under suspicion of cowardice, was naturally indisposed to admit that he had played any but a manly part.

"I didn't run away and stay till 'twas all over; no such thing," he always affirmed. "I retreated in good order; that was all. 'Twas a time for retreating, if ever there was one, and accordingly I used my judgment and retreated."

This statement was regarded as more or less satisfactory up to the day when a military gentleman came to visit a cousin in Willowby, and in the course of a conversation held at the village store one evening heard the oft repeated explanation.

"Well, my friend," he said, looking steadily at the hero of the retreat, "you say you retreated in good order, but I should like to ask one thing. About how fast did you go?"

"Well," said the other man, surprised into telling the unadorned truth, "if I'd been at home and going after the doctor I reckon folks would have thought somebody was pretty sick."—Youth's Companion.

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5. Song.....Miss Fannie Graham
6. Recitation.....Rev. J. M. Scanlan
7. Reading Address of Irish Nationalists.....Hon. Walter J. Gibbons
8. Song.....Miss Edna Crawford
9. Address by the Speaker of the Evening, "Emmet and His Times,".....John F. Finerty
10. Song.....Mr. John J. Phelan
11. Recitation.....Miss Maria Casey
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